

Américas

American republics team up
**TO PROTECT
OUR MEAT SUPPLY**

MAN WITH A HAMMER

Fabulous Fifth Avenue jeweler
from the Dominican Republic

CHILE'S BIG STEEL

PAYLOAD OVER THE ANDES

How Slim Faucett opened
Peruvian air lanes

YANKEE COLLEGE IN MEXICO

25
cents

*The heart of old "Cartagena,
Queen of the Indies,"
Colombia's walled city
(see page 13)*





Américas

Volume 5, Number 5

May 1953

published in English, Spanish, and Portuguese

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Published by

Pan American Union, General Secretariat of the Organization of American States, Washington 6, D. C., U. S. A.
Alberto Lleras, Secretary General
William Manger, Assistant Secretary General

Editor

Kathleen Walker

Associate Editors

George C. Compton
Adolfo Solórzano Díaz
Armando S. Pires

Assistant Editors

Wallace B. Alig
Mary G. Reynolds
Benedicta Quirino dos Santos
Lillian L. de Tagle
Betty Wilson

Cover

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Subscription rate of AMÉRICAS: \$3.00 a year, \$5.00 for two years, \$7.00 for three years, for the English, Spanish, and Portuguese editions in the United States and Canada. Add \$1.00 extra for postage to countries outside the Postal Union of the Americas and Spain. Single copies 25¢.

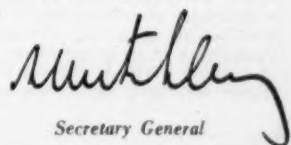
Dear Reader

The new Director of the PAU Department of Cultural Affairs is a distinguished Brazilian writer, Erico Veríssimo. He is probably the Brazilian novelist most read within the country and best known abroad. He belongs to a later generation than his predecessor, Dr. Alceu Amoroso Lima, and his field of endeavor is quite different. Veríssimo also represents another Brazil—that of the South—which, being near the frontier, is more closely associated with the Spanish American countries. The prodigious development of this region in recent years is exemplified by the novelist's own city, Porto Alegre, which he described so well in the pages of this magazine. It could be said, without implying any criticism of either, that Amoroso Lima is more European and Veríssimo more American. This is what one would expect, since the philosopher, literary critic, and sociologist must necessarily be more universal than the novelist, who studies profoundly what is right beside him, what moves and lives in his own environment.

Veríssimo was born forty-seven years ago in Cruz Alta, Rio Grande do Sul, and was educated at the Ginásio Cruzeiro do Sul in Porto Alegre. He married Mafalda Volpe and they have two children, Clarissa and Luiz Fernando. He has traveled throughout the world, and has traversed the United States as a guest of the State Department. In 1944 he lectured as visiting professor of literature at the University of California in Berkeley and served on the staff of the Pan American House at Mills College. Two books grew out of his U. S. travels: *Gato Preto em Campo de Neve* (Black Cat in a Field of Snow), written in 1941, and *A Volta do Gato Preto* (The Return of the Black Cat). The title for the former was inspired by a fleeting glimpse of a cat crossing a Colorado field in wintertime. These volumes are compilations of travel notes, log-book entries, but in both of them Veríssimo, with apparent humbleness of purpose, makes soundings in deep waters and finds brilliant and accurate sociological explanations.

He began his journalistic career on the staff of the *Revista do Globo* in 1930, and was editor-in-chief of that fortnightly from 1933 to 1936. Since 1936 he has been literary adviser to the Livraria do Globo in Porto Alegre, one of Brazil's leading publishing houses. His first book, *Clarissa*, appeared in 1933, and his works since then include *Música ao Longe* (Music in the Distance), which won the Machado de Assis prize; *Caminhos Cruzados* (published in English as *Crossroads*), which won the Graça Aranha prize; *Um Lugar ao Sol* (A Place in the Sun); *Othai os Lírios do Campo* (published in English as *Consider the Lilies of the Field*); *Saga* and *O Resto é Silêncio* (published in English as *The Rest is Silence*). Many of his works have appeared in French as well as in English. Among the U. S. books he has translated into Portuguese are Robert Nathan's *Jennie*, John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*, and Hendrik Willem van Loon's *Ships and How They Sail the Seven Seas*. His survey of Brazilian letters came out in English under the title *An Outline of Brazilian Literature*.

Undoubtedly the readers of AMÉRICAS, like the entire staff of the Pan American Union, are pleased that the coming of Veríssimo to our organization will give them an opportunity to establish direct contact with a great Brazilian and, through him, with his country.


Secretary General

CONTRIBUTORS



No one can speak with more authority than ERVIN A. EICHORN on the drastic international measures necessary "To Protect Our Meat Supply" by checking foot-and-mouth disease. For he is director of the OAS-sponsored Pan American Center in Brazil, set up specifically to spearhead the battle in Western Hemisphere countries. Earlier, he participated in the Mexican-U.S. campaign against this terrible scourge as chief of the Vaccine Production and Investigation Division. Dr. Eichhorn graduated from the University of Pennsylvania and from the Pasteur Institute of Paris, where he worked with the man who discovered diphtheria toxoid, Dr. Gaston Ramon. A lieutenant colonel during World War II, he served in New Guinea and the Philippines as Chief of the Virus Section of the Nineteenth General Medical Laboratory.



In "Chile's Big Steel," a veteran Santiago journalist, ENRIQUE BUNSTER, points out how the nation's economic future hinges on its newly developed basic industry at Huachipato. For more than twenty years Mr. Bunster has been a close observer of his country's contemporary history, and has at the same time turned out four books on its dramatic past: *Lord Cochrane*, *Bombardero de Valparaíso*, *Motin en Punta Arenas* (Mutiny in Punta Arenas), and *Mar del Sur* (Southern Sea). His prize-winning pirate play, *La Isla de los Bucaneros* (Buccaneers' Island), which was first produced in Santiago in 1950, has been published in New York in English translation.



"Cartagena, Queen of the Indies" comes from the pen of Colombian economist MIGUEL FADUL, who was born thirty-four years ago in the shadow of the old walls of the city. In 1946 he won a year's scholarship to Evansville College, Indiana, in a contest put on by the Junior Chamber of Commerce there. He remained in the United States until 1948 on a fellowship sponsored by the U.S. Department of Commerce and the Colombian Bank of the Republic. Then he returned to Colombia to work for the Bank. He also served as advisor to the economic mission sent to Colombia by the World Bank and headed by Dr. Lauchlin Currie. Mr. Fadul has published many articles on economic subjects in magazines at home and abroad, and was at one time on the staff of the Colombian newsweekly *Semana*. At present he is working in the economic division of the Pan American Union.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Alberto Lleras Camargo of Colombia is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides AMERICAS, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization; and the quarterly *Panorama*, which republishes in full, in their original languages, outstanding articles from newspapers and magazines all over the Hemisphere.



Widely traveled MALCOLM BURKE (left), now living in Lima, co-authored "Pay Load Over the Andes" with MICHAEL SCULLY, another writer who has spent many years in Latin America. Connecticut-born Mr. Burke graduated from Yale in '38, and received his M.A. at Fletcher School the following year. Since then he has explored Spain, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Bolivia, Paraguay, and, of course, Peru, where he represents the news magazine *Visión*. Mr. Scully, who has lived in Montevideo, Rio, Santiago, Lima, Guatemala City, and Mexico, has written for the *New Yorker*, *Cosmopolitan*, and *Good Housekeeping*, among other periodicals, and is now on the staff of *Reader's Digest*.

LEE R. HAYMAN, who is a graduate student at Mexico City College, describes this "Yankee College in Mexico," where he is studying creative writing. Mr. Hayman received his B.A. degree at Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio. Although he has published many articles in U.S. periodicals, he is best known for his poetry, which appears in such publications as *The American Mercury*, *Antioch Review*, *Agonia* (Buenos Aires), and *The Brazilian-American* (Rio). Both he and his wife, novelist True Bowen, are now writing about the Latin American scene.



The distinguished Brazilian critic SERGIO MILLIET appraises the work of the young painter Arnaldo Pedrosa d'Horta. São Paulo-born, Swiss-educated (University of Geneva), Mr. Milliet was formerly chief of the editorial section of the newspaper *O Estado de São Paulo* and is a familiar contributor to the daily *A Manhã* of Rio. His poems and essays and comments on painting have been widely published both in Brazil and abroad.

In the book section, the excellent analysis of the new translation of the Portuguese classic *The Lusíads*, by Luiz Vaz de Camões, is by MANOEL CARDOZO, who was born in the Azores in 1911, was educated at Stanford, and has been living in Washington for the past thirteen years. Professor of Portuguese and Brazilian culture at Catholic University, he is also director of the Oliveira Lima Library there. Argentine LUIS REISSIG, author of novels and essays, discusses the book about his illustrious countryman by Allison Williams Bunkley: *The Life of Sarmiento*. BERNICE D. MATLOWSKY of the PAU education division comments on the Ecuadorean volume of short stories by Adalberto Ortiz.

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TO PROTECT OUR MEAT SUPPLY

OAS research and training center fights foot-and-mouth disease

Ervin A. Eichhorn

WITH THE WORLD'S POPULATION growing at the rate of about twenty-five million people a year, and food production lagging far behind, the nutritional levels of great masses of people are so low that they fall easy prey to debilitating diseases and other illnesses. This in turn starts a vicious circle—for lack of able-bodied workers, food production falls off, and malnutrition spreads. To make matters even worse, disease among animals further reduces the already inadequate supply of meat and meat products, and the worst offender is that terrible scourge, foot-and-mouth disease.

Foot-and-mouth disease (*aftosa*, in Spanish), which is caused by a minute virus, is one of the most contagious diseases known to man. All cloven-footed animals from the camel to the deer are susceptible to its ravages. Although man himself is rarely if ever affected by the virus, its economic and social impact on humanity is tremendous. The cost to Western Europe alone of the epizootic (as an epidemic among animals is called) that raged from Russia to the Mediterranean in 1951 and 1952 has been estimated conservatively at five hundred million dollars, and the effect on the health, morale, and welfare of peoples already living at low nutritional levels is incalculable.

Similar calamities beset the livestock industry of the entire world, as foot-and-mouth disease flourishes practically unchecked. In the Western Hemisphere, it can be found in every country except the United States, Mexico, the Central American republics, the Caribbean islands, and possibly Ecuador. Last year Canada fell victim, but prompt and drastic measures averted a major disaster.

It has been estimated that it costs 50 per cent more to raise an animal to maturity where the disease is prevalent than it does in an unaffected area. During severe outbreaks, half the animals may die. Still more losses are incurred because many of the infected animals

remain unprofitable, milk and meat production are lowered, and the loss of prospective calves through abortion may soar. Many countries report that all other diseases shrink into insignificance when their effects are compared to the devastation wrought by foot-and-mouth disease.

The long-term effects on production are staggering. Paraguay, for example, is one of the best regions in the Hemisphere for livestock production, and 90 per cent of the land devoted to agriculture is used for that purpose. But less than 2 per cent of the cattle are vaccinated each year, and so many calves are lost that the meat industry is having difficulty in supplying the demands of a population of less than a million and a half, despite the country's high ratio of two animals per person.

To fight this common enemy, the twenty-one American republics have jointly established the Pan American Center for Foot-and-Mouth Disease at São Bento, Brazil, which provides diagnostic service, advice on preventive and control measures, and training in laboratory and field-control techniques for key personnel of the member nations. It also carries on research aimed at improving methods of diagnosis and producing cheaper and more effective vaccines.

The plans for the Center were drawn up by the Pan American Sanitary Bureau, in collaboration with the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences, at the request of the Inter-American Economic and Social Council's Committee on Technical Cooperation. Late in 1950 the project was approved as a part of the OAS Technical Cooperation Program. The Sanitary Bureau was put in direct charge of the work, which was to be financed by the OAS. Within a year all the member countries announced they would participate. Meanwhile, four countries had offered facilities and asked to have the Center set up in their territory. A team of specialists sur-

veyed the offers as to geographic position, living conditions, availability of test cattle, facilities already available and commitments for later construction, the government's attitude and interest, and adaptability of the site for academic and consultative work. On the basis of their report, Brazil was selected as the host country.

The Brazilian Government agreed to provide the necessary land, buildings, maintenance services, utilities, and local labor, and to help establish a source from which the Center could buy susceptible cattle. For its part, the Sanitary Bureau, on behalf of the OAS, was to furnish the professional staff, all scientific and operating equipment, and funds for training, research, travel, and laboratory animals. This agreement, signed in August 1951, was ratified by the Brazilian Congress in December



Brazil's Minister of Agriculture, João Cleophas (third from right), discusses vaccine prepared from suckling rabbits with center director Dr. Eichhorn (second from right) and staff members



Foot-and-mouth-disease center began operations in building of Brazil's Plant Pathology Laboratory at São Bento

1952. Meanwhile, work was started on the Center under interim provisions.

The site selected, fifteen miles northwest of Rio de Janeiro and easily reached by good highways from the capital, covers 227 acres of land and includes buildings formerly used by the Brazilian Ministry of Agriculture's Division of Plant Pathology. Until last December, when the plant laboratories were moved to another location, the Plant Pathology Division and the Center shared these facilities. A combined laboratory-office building, a separate laboratory building, garages, workshops, a large storage building, and smaller service units have been turned over to the Center.

Because of the danger of contagion, considerable remodeling of temporary quarters has been necessary, and intricate plans have been made for the permanent structures yet to be built. Work must be carried on with at least three types of foot-and-mouth virus and two other types of virus, and each requires a separate laboratory room, an isolated stable unit, and space for small laboratory animals. Showers and dressing rooms are being installed in such a way that the laboratories cannot be entered without passing through them, since all workers must take baths on entering and leaving. They must also wear special clothing at work, and this and all other laboratory materials must be thoroughly disinfected before being taken away.

Such "virus security" measures avoid cross contamination of laboratory animals and the spread of virus through the surrounding countryside. Only if they are rigidly observed can the work be carried on efficiently and without danger. Security requires not only elaborate construction but also special features in the site. It should be in an area relatively free from cattle and other animals that might be affected, and should provide enough land to isolate the various units from each other. The São Bento plot rates very well on all counts.

The large storage building will also provide space for garaging and maintenance work. The old garages are being converted, and a new building has just been completed to house breeding colonies of guinea pigs and rabbits. Three hundred guinea pigs, incidentally, were donated by the U.S. National Institutes of Health and air-shipped to Brazil.

In addition to undertaking all this remodeling and new construction, the Brazilian Ministry of Agriculture has agreed to provide additional land near the buildings now occupied, and to begin the construction of a series of stabling units as part of the permanent facilities. When these are ready, the Center will have a small but complete working unit and will be able to continue operations during the rest of the construction. Meanwhile, experiments at the Center have used small laboratory animals, and large-animal experiments have been carried out, on a limited scale, at the near-by National Institute of Animal Biology.

Even when facilities for large-scale work with cattle are available, there will still be the problem of finding a supply of susceptible animals. Cows for experimentation or vaccine production must never have been exposed to the virus, which means that a herd must be maintained completely free of the virus without vaccination—this in a country where the disease is common. The Center could not be located in a virus-free country because of the danger to its livestock, which would not have any resistance to the disease.

Most of the aid rendered to member countries since the Center opened for business has been in diagnosing infections. Over 120 tissue specimens have been received

for examination from Brazil, Ecuador, Guatemala, and Paraguay, and the results indicate that despite the great distances involved, the Center can provide rapid diagnostic service for any country that needs it. As the service becomes more widely known, the flow of specimens is expected to increase rapidly. This will help the Center form a picture of the over-all distribution of the various types of foot-and-mouth-disease virus and the way they spread.

The first country to ask for direct advisory help in the field was Ecuador. The Center's director went there in 1951 to work with veterinary officials on defense measures to prevent entrance of the disease from neighboring countries. This was a continuation of assistance provided earlier that year by the U.S. Government and the OAS in sending Dr. R. J. Anderson, of the U.S. Bureau of Animal Industry, to survey the situation there. Several survey trips have been made to other places, and plans are ready for giving further field help as requested.

In August 1951 Panama acted as host to a regional consultative conference on foot-and-mouth disease attended by delegates from thirteen countries and territories in the Caribbean and Central and North America, with both the Center and the UN Food and Agriculture Organization participating. At this meeting, the first



Laboratory guinea pigs are indispensable for quick diagnosis of virus diseases of cattle

concrete proposals for international control measures were approved, and the Center was given a large share of the responsibility for supervisory measures. There were recommendations that information on outbreaks of vesicular diseases be sent to it for dissemination, that countries use its diagnostic service in suspicious cases, and that the governments take full advantage of the training program. It was also agreed that no foot-and-mouth-disease research or vaccination should be undertaken by the signatory governments unless recommended by the Center.

The Center maintains a close working relationship with FAO, and the two have established a common policy toward foot-and-mouth disease in the Americas. FAO now has two advisers, with headquarters in Panama, who are responsible for developing anti-afosa campaigns in Central America and the Caribbean in cooperation with the Center. A third adviser recently completed an assignment in Colombia.

To help standardize control methods, the Center has prepared a manual covering all phases of a campaign. In preparing it, the authors tried to answer the multitude of queries they have been receiving, including such problems as these: What type of disinfectant can be used in aircraft whose delicate instruments may be damaged by such common agents as lye and soda ash? One South American country drew outraged protests from an international airline when it was discovered that the 2 per cent caustic-soda solution sprayed on the planes was dissolving the aluminum fuselages. Or again, how wide should the disinfecting foot bath be to prevent agile debarking passengers from leaping lightly over it to avoid getting a little soda-ash solution on their shoes?

The Center's first training course was scheduled to begin April 29 for trainees from the nine countries of Central America and the Caribbean, which were each invited to send one representative. This eight-week course will emphasize preventive measures and emergency action to be taken if foot-and-mouth disease appears in a new area. Since all the countries in this group are at present free of the disease, the Center is first trying to strengthen their defenses by preparing veterinarians qualified to develop and operate an efficient preventive program. In addition, these men will be able to take immediate action to prevent the spread of the disease should an outbreak be suspected. It is hoped that this approach will lead to uniform preventive measures and quick, cooperative response throughout the area if any breakthrough occurs. A second course, for trainees from the South American countries, is planned for later in the year.

Long and careful study by experts is necessary before a control plan can be devised for a particular country already suffering the effects of foot-and-mouth disease. For the countries fortunate enough to be free of it, prevention is the watchword. This necessitates rigid quarantine and inspection of cattle entering from other areas and thorough indoctrination of the livestock raisers to prevent the importation of animals that may be in the incubation stage of the disease. All means of transport

(Continued on page 42)

Center research aims at speeding up vaccine production using chicken embryos or rabbits, mice, and other small animals



MAN WITH A HAMMER

Wallace B. Alig



FRANCIS REBAJES, the Fifth Avenue coppersmith and costume jeweler from the Dominican Republic, achieved success the hard way. He does not consider it platitudinous to be compared to any one of a number of Horatio Alger heroes ("They have nothing on me"). In fact, a compendium of some Alger titles tells the Rebajes story in brief: *Mark Manning's Mission*, *The Story of a Shoe Factory Boy*; *Adrift in New York*, or *Tom and Florence Braving the World*; *Slow and Sure*, or *From the Street to the Shop*; *Ben Logan's Triumph*. Those who know Rebajes also see in him something of the picaresque —of Pablos, the hero of Quevedo's *La Vida del Buscón*. His career suggests that of a modern Lazarillo de Tormes or Guzmán de Alfarache. Today, strictly unpicaresque, Rebajes heads a flourishing business worth more than a million dollars, and is praised by critics as an artist and master craftsman. The Metropolitan Museum of Art has exhibited his work, the 1937 French International Exposition has awarded him its medal of honor, and in 1940 he designed six illuminated murals in metal for the theater in the United States Government Building at the New York World's Fair.

Located at 377 Fifth Avenue, near Thirty-fifth Street, the Rebajes establishment was designed by Puerto Rican architect José Fernández. A symphony of glass, wood, light, space, and color, it displays effectively the costume jewelry designed and now mass-produced by Rebajes. Outstanding is its extraordinary S-shaped counter, suspended from the ceiling by thin steel rods. Under its glass are the earrings, pins, bracelets, cuff links, tie clasps, chokers, and necklaces that he designs and his mechanics turn out in the form of masks, leaves, flowers, scrolls, animals, gears, musical notes, and abstractions. (In his business, Rebajes is the craftsman-designer; his assistants —those who operate the machines mass-producing the jewelry—are mechanics.) Nothing in his store sells for over ten dollars. This is because he has a genuine antipathy for commercial snob appeal. "Why not make good design available to everyone?" he asks. Some celebrities wear his creations, but who they are is of no importance to him, and he doesn't bother to mention them by name. He is interested only in selling a product that he considers beautiful to as many people as will buy it. Many artisans consider this a lowering of standards, an unforgivable surrender to commercialism, but Rebajes doesn't feel that mass production is ruining him. "The original piece has to be made," he says. "What's the difference if we make a million copies? Real artists are interested in money."

According to José Gómez-Sicre, chief of the PAU visual arts section, Rebajes' skill lies in his ability to reduce form to its essential values. "It is fascinating to see this creator cutting metal with his shears," says Gómez-Sicre. "He not only extracts eloquent rhythmic forms from it, but makes non-precious matter like copper or aluminum valuable in itself." To this appraisal of the artisan's work must be added the dexterity with which each of his pieces is put together. Articulate, they almost always attain, within their whole, a unity without hindrance or accessory.

Francis Rebajes
at work in his shop



Dominican jeweler's present headquarters on Fifth Avenue, New York, boasts this glamorous entrance

In retrospect, Rebajes says he owes his success merely to making the most of an opportunity. "There is no such thing as luck," he claims. "I probably inherited a craftsman's skill from my shoemaker father. When I found some tools at my disposal, I took advantage of them."

He was born Francisco Torres Rebajes on February 6, 1906, at Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, one of six children of Antonio Torres Ros and Francisca Rebajes de Torres. Since coming to the United States in 1923, he has anglicized his first name to Francis, and, in opposition to Spanish custom, used his mother's family name (for business reasons) rather than his father's. He explains it this way: "Having a simple name in business is no good. I use 'Rebajes' because it is more complicated than Torres, especially the pronunciation" (which, incidentally, is Ray-bah-hace). His parents were natives of the Mediterranean island of Mallorca, noted for both its sailors and its shoemaking, the trade his father followed. Upon their marriage, the Torreses traveled to Latin America looking for a place to make their home. They settled in Puerto Plata, a northern coastal town at the foot of a mountain range. Their house was large, with a big garden in back and a coconut tree. Don Antonio had his shop next door. "It was clean and beautiful there," Rebajes recalls, "the loveliest place I have ever seen." But the little boy's beautiful surround-

ings did not curb his tempestuous spirit. He received so many spankings that he was soon obliged to devise clever strategy. Each time he knew he had misbehaved, he would quickly inform his family before they could accuse him. Then he would get down on his knees to receive the expected wallop ("He certainly doesn't do it as a husband," laughs Mrs. Rebajes today). Neither his father nor his mother had the heart to do anything in the face of this appealing gesture. One of his favorite pranks was to annoy the prominent Dominican philosopher Jaime Colson, who lived next door. Like most of the houses in Puerto Plata, Colson's had a corrugated iron roof. When Francisco threw pebbles on it, they would roll off with the roar of thunder, causing the eminent scholar seated inside, lost in thought, to rise from his chair with a leap at which Kant himself would have marveled.

A shrewd business man, Torres prospered in the Dominican Republic. At one time, he had the country's



But it was not always like that: 1925 shot shows Rebajes (fourth from right) with his fellow K.P.'s at the Automat

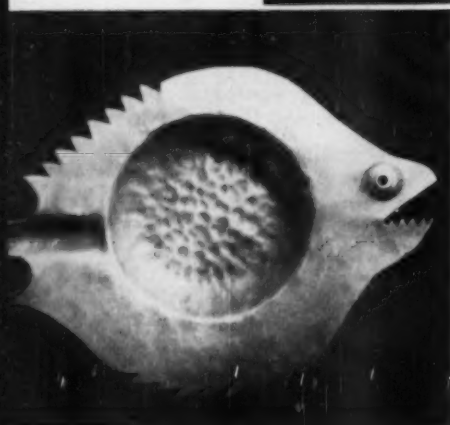


Passport photo of Rebajes in 1923, when he came to the United States to seek his fortune

largest shoe factory. Rebajes played around the shop, making his own toys: carts, boxes, wallets. Because of limited facilities at that time on the island, Francisco received little education. His father taught him and his brothers and sister their ABC's.

Soon the Torres family drifted apart. Rebajes' two elder brothers were educated in Europe. Tonio became

Some of Rebajes' creations: flexible, articulated copper bracelet...



pounded aluminum ash tray, one of his earliest works...

(below) silver fighting cock pins...



abstract pendant and bracelet made of single piece of copper, slit and accordion-folded

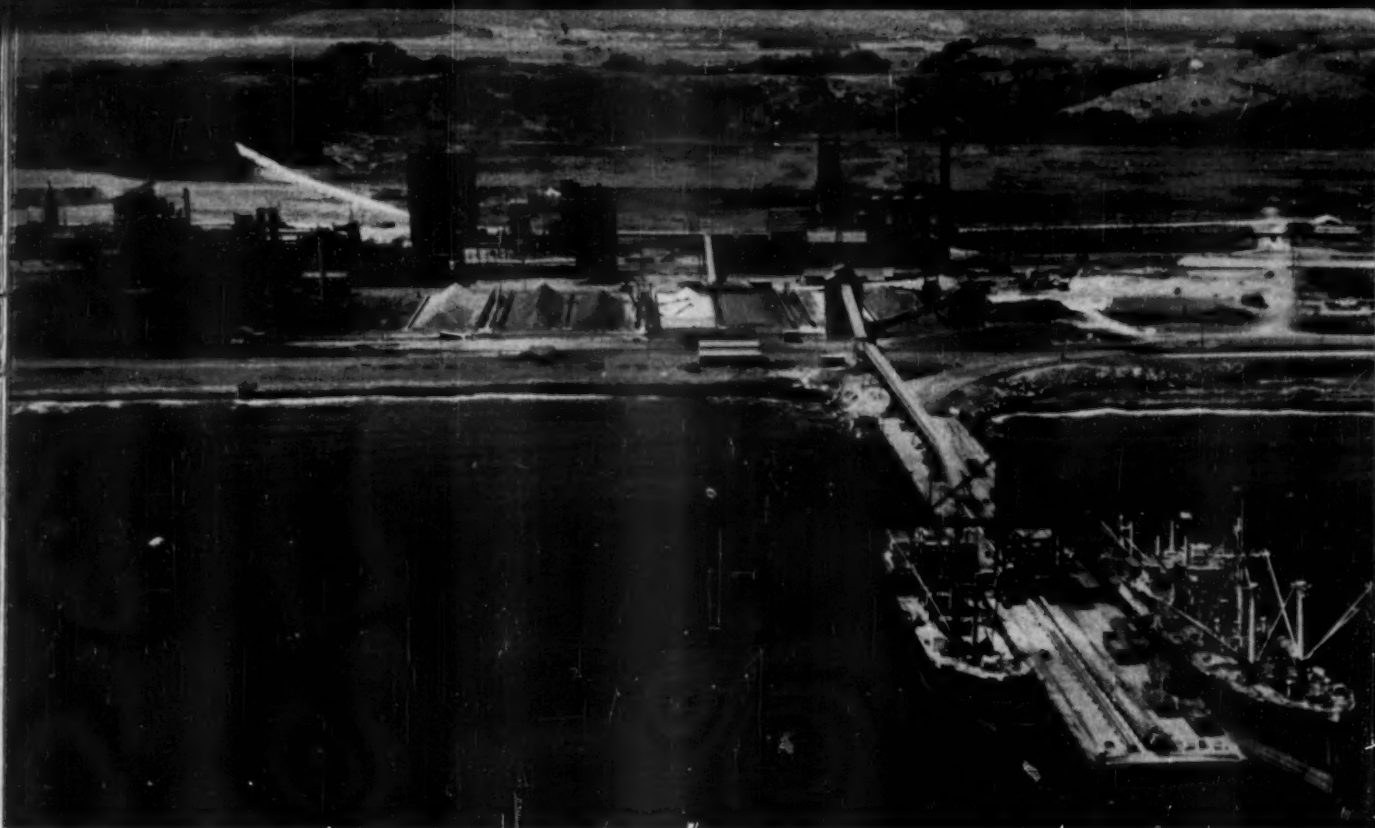
an orchestra leader, Ramón a painter. Later the younger boys, Luis and Pedro, became respectively a captain in the Spanish merchant marine and a mechanic. Only the youngest child, Isabel, stayed with her parents. A good son and brother, Rebajes has a curious opinion about families: "One's family is an imposition while friends are people of one's own choosing. I don't associate with members of my family simply because they are family." About five years ago, after a twenty-five-year separation, Rebajes sent for his parents and sister in the Dominican Republic, and presented them with a house in Hewlitt, Long Island, near his own home. There he can be with them again. "My father is a very handsome old man with a beautiful head of white hair," Rebajes describes him. "He likes everybody in Hewlitt, and they all like him."

When Francisco was fourteen, Don Antonio took him to Spain to be educated. Entered in the Liceo in Barcelona, Rebajes rebelled at the uniform he was obliged to wear. "It was nothing but a male finishing school," he recalls, "and they dressed me up like a sissy." Barcelona, on the other hand, impressed him. He liked the men who paraded the city's streets wearing goatees and spats: "They made me aware of the elegance of Europe." Soon, however, he wrote to his father that he saw no future for himself at the Liceo, and begged for permission to come home when the school year ended. Although Don Antonio acquiesced, it was a long time before he forgave his son for throwing away his "chance."

Back in Puerto Plata, Francisco began to read Emilio Salgari, a kind of Italian Jules Verne, whose adventure stories are popular with Latin American youth. He also got a job as collector-messenger for the International Banking Corporation, an organization with a Dominican branch engaged in foreign-trade transactions. He found it extremely difficult work for one of his tender years and peculiar temperament: making collections from hard businessmen who reported him to his employer if he was too firm. His boss, on the other hand, rebuked him if he was not firm enough. Occasionally, he was obliged to apologize to the bank's clients, a humiliation completely unworthy of one with the soul of Captain Nemo. Saving his salary of fifteen dollars a month, Rebajes decided to leave home and seek his fortune in the United States. For the trip, Don Antonio bought him ship passage, and gave him about three hundred dollars to go on upon his arrival. He also presented him with his first long-trouser suit, a ceremony that held for Rebajes all the significance of a bullfighter's permit to wear the pigtail. As is customary for Dominican youths up to a certain age, he had previously worn only short pants. Now, he thought—in fact, he was sure—he was a man. To top it all, he won the ship's lottery, and had fifty dollars extra in his pocket when he docked in New York.

Met at the pier by a group of friends from home, he went to live with them. "It is a mistake of Latin Americans that I came to recognize," Rebajes says today. "They come to the United States, and settle in quarters only among themselves, neglecting to get to know the

(Continued on page 43)



Air view of the Huachipato plant and its mechanically equipped pier, which juts into San Vicente Bay

CHILE'S BIG STEEL

New plant at Huachipato is key to country's industrialization

Enrique Bunster

A CENTURY AGO Chile was the most flourishing country in South America and a front-line competitor in world markets. Between 1851 and 1860 it was the world's leading copper producer, and by 1865 was exporting wheat and flour to a dozen American, European, African, and Polynesian countries. In 1866 its 272 ships—the largest merchant fleet in South America—flew the Chilean colors in San Francisco, Honolulu, Yokohama, Hong Kong, Calcutta, Tahiti, Sydney, Auckland, and Cape Town.

But the ships were propelled by the wind, the wheat was threshed by mares driven around in circles, the flour was transported at a snail's pace, and the minerals were extracted with small crowbars. The country prospered and maintained its leading position only so long as primitive methods were being used by even the most powerful nations.

As the machine age dawned, Chile could not keep step

with the great powers, since it had so recently emerged from a colonial economy. Other nations were substituting machines for muscles and the wind, but in Chile, where there were neither foundries, railway plants, modern shipyards, nor iron and steel manufacturers, it was impossible to replace sails with steam, wagons with trains, beasts with machines. So Chileans had to depend on the industrialized countries for modern equipment. To stay in the running with nations using more rapid and efficient production and transportation methods, Chile had to boost imports, which turned it into a tributary nation and made impossible demands on its economy.

Mechanizing halfheartedly and at exorbitant cost, the once-flourishing country fell behind. Chilean flour, which had been shipped to California at the rate of fifty thousand tons a year during the Gold Rush, lost out on the San Francisco market because of its high price.

What was worse, California wine—prepared, bottled, and shipped with mechanized equipment—was sold in Valparaíso for less than the Chilean product. The day came when we had nothing to offer foreign buyers but our indispensable copper and nitrate, and by the end of the century our flag had vanished from the exotic ports where it had been so familiar.

This was a jolting experience, but it was more than fifty years before we derived lasting benefits from it. Meanwhile, certain efforts were made to remedy the situation. Using imported iron and steel, three Valparaíso firms undertook to build heavy machinery. Balfour, Lyon, and Company assembled a machine shop that produced grinding apparatus, threshing machines, and steam engines. In 1866 the Henderson foundry turned out a thirty-three-foot submarine, which now rests with its

for reinforced concrete and a few structural forms, and in most cases met only a small portion of the demand.

Like their predecessors in Valparaíso, the Behrens and Daiber plants for making railway equipment and ships, which were established in Valdivia, had to use foreign steel. So did the army's matériel factory and the equipment shops of the State Railroads.

The Corral plant was supplied by the Bethlehem Chile Iron Mines Company, which holds a concession on the El Tofo iron mines in Coquimbo Province. This U.S. company sent the bulk of its ore to the United States, so we beheld the strange phenomenon of Chilean iron taking a round trip of 8,700 miles and returning home converted into all kinds of manufactured articles, which were subject to duty.

These imports cost the nation about six hundred

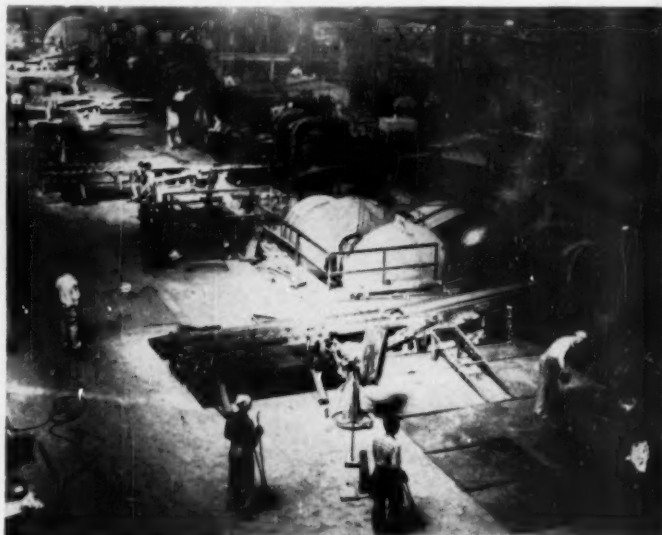


Automatic piler loads iron ore from conveyor belt into one of the eight-thousand-ton storage bins

crew at the bottom of the bay. Beginning in 1890, Lever and Murphy made thirty locomotives and all types of railway cars for the government; bridges; lighthouses; machinery for fourteen nitrate plants; and the steamer *Meteoro*, launched in 1907.

But these praiseworthy endeavors were doomed. The raw materials came all the way from England via the Strait of Magellan, and high freight rates and duties made them luxury items. Even though the Lever and Murphy locomotives proved as good as the European variety, the price was prohibitive. The demand fell off, the builders' fortunes declined, and today nothing remains of their work but the memory.

This new failure taught a conclusive lesson: machine shops and shipyards cannot operate at a profit unless they are backed up by a native iron and steel industry. Chile had all the basic elements for such an industry, but it was 1911 before the small Corral factory was installed, and 1933 before it began manufacturing iron regularly. Even then its products were limited to bars



Partial view of rolling-mill department, which turns out iron sheeting and tin plate in various thicknesses and sizes

million pesos a year—a permanent hemorrhage, but a necessary one in an age when steel had become the pillar of civilization, going into everything from needles to battleships, from skyscrapers to razor blades. Even more discouraging than the expense was the dependence of Chile's peacetime and defense industries on foreign suppliers. A five-day strike in the steel mills of Pittsburgh or Bethlehem was enough to raise the specter of rationing before our companies.

The keener edge that World War II gave to the problem impelled the Chilean Development Corporation to promote domestic steel production on a large scale. Fortunately, the location of the needed resources was little short of perfect. To make steel for sale at market prices a firm must find the raw materials close at hand; if our iron had been in Tarapacá, our coal in Chiloé, and our hydroelectric power in Magallanes, perhaps we would not now be hailing the existence of the Pacific Steel Company at Huachipato. But Nature distributed them in such a way as to make Chile a leader in the field of

heavy industry in South America. Almost everything needed for manufacturing steel is found in the 560 miles between the "Little North" (the region around La Serena) and Lota.

Official studies show that in the twenty-odd deposits discovered so far between Antofagasta and Talca there are 180,000,000 tons of ore assaying at 63.25 per cent iron. Here we have one of the world's great reserves, enough iron to satisfy domestic needs indefinitely. There are also fabulous deposits of manganese, and the supply of limestone is apparently as far from exhaustion as the waterfalls that furnish electricity.

With raw materials so plentiful and no other South American country except Brazil boasting a steel industry, the Development Corporation drew up plans for a factory large enough to meet our 160,000-ton yearly

masonry, and the mechanically equipped pier; the third saw the blast furnace and buildings finished and the machinery installed. All this meant importing 150,000 tons of U.S. material and equipment, and placing orders in Chile for 120,000 tons of gravel and crushed stone, sixty thousand of sand, thirty thousand of cement, and ten thousand each of bricks and wood. Partial production began in 1949, and full-scale operation by the end of 1950.

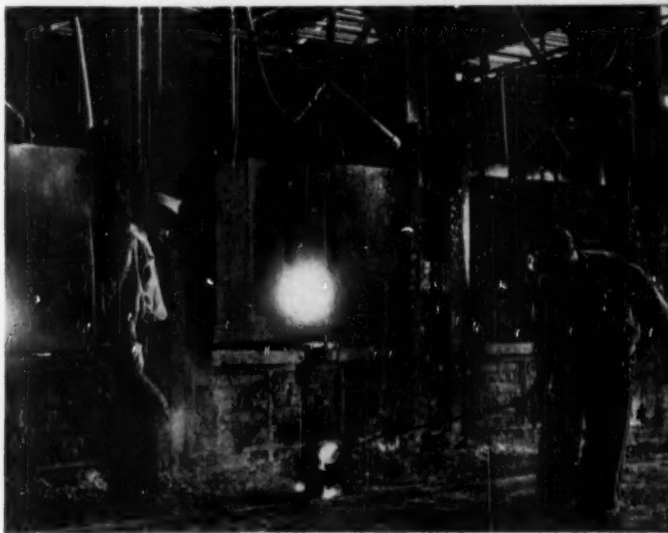
Smoke from the blast furnace of this new industrial citadel is visible twenty miles out to sea. Covering twelve blocks, the various sections are linked by a seventeen-mile railroad, on which nine sets of freight cars circulate. There are a repair shop, a chemistry and physics laboratory, an emergency electrical plant, and a public welfare center. Reflecting Chile's advanced social legislation,



The blast furnace with some of its adjuncts: the hoists, the dust collector, and the unit for granulating slag

demand and some of our neighbors' requirements. The Pacific Steel Company, created in 1946, is the biggest single financial and industrial project ever undertaken by Chileans. Loans from the Export-Import Bank of the United States and the Central Bank of Chile furnished part of the eighty-seven-million-dollar capital. The rest was subscribed by the Development Corporation; the Mortgage Bank and other banking institutions; social security funds; steamship, nitrate, copper, coal, and insurance companies; distributing firms; and private investors.

Plant construction was entrusted to the H. A. Brassett Company, a leading U.S. firm. Approximately 2,470 acres of land were purchased on San Vicente Bay, near Concepción, and beginning in 1947 four thousand laborers worked for a year with giant machines cutting down the forest that covered the area, building roads and railways, and putting in water pipes, electrical installations, telephone wires, and so on. The second year was spent on the foundations, the framework and



Taking a sample of steel from one of the Siemens-Martin smelters to check chemical composition

the annual payroll of 848,342,000 pesos includes the company's contributions to the Workers' Compulsory Social Security Fund, life and accident insurance, health services, family allowances, and so on, for its 6,354 employees. Bonuses are awarded at the end of the year, provided all sections have operated without interruption and the plant's total output is satisfactory.

Although there was a brief wildcat strike in the fall of 1951, good labor-management relations have been maintained for the most part. The contract signed by the PSC and the Industrial Union in March 1952 provided for a jump in the hourly wage rate, increased family allowances, lowered rent in the temporary living quarters, and other benefits for the laborers.

At the end of 1952 a new contract was signed with the white-collar workers, increasing their rent allowances by 20 per cent; providing for publication of a bimonthly review on technical aspects of the industry and for company aid in paying for correspondence courses directly related to the employee's work; and upping disability



A corner of the plant, with the boilerhouse in the foreground. PSC produces about four hundred thousand tons of iron and steel a year

Bessemer converter in blowing operation designed to reduce carbon content of molten iron turned out by blast furnace



payments for on-the-job accidents from 75 to 100 per cent of base pay.

Special attention has been given to bringing about a fair relationship between the compensation of white-collar workers and that of skilled laborers who perform exacting tasks and carry heavy responsibility. Technical courses, taught by some of the plant's engineers and technicians and by instructors from the Huachipato Experimental School, have been organized for both groups of employees.

Realizing that the steel plant and the industries growing up around it were bound to cause a housing shortage in the area, the PSC acquired 865 acres and drew up plans for a housing center to accommodate thirty thousand people. With the help of loans from the Public Housing Fund and technical advice on the water-supply and plumbing systems from the Chile-United States cooperative health service, the first group of 192 homes for laborers was nearly completed during 1952 and eighty-four houses of the second group were begun. Blueprints are now being drawn for white-collar workers' units and for commercial and civic centers.

Besides being the most powerful of our industries, the PSC is also the best protected. A special law exempts it for twenty years from any federal tax or contribution, and frees its annual dividends up to 8 per cent of the total capital from all obligations except the individual income tax. The same law authorizes the company to sell the foreign exchange obtained through its exports at the most favorable rates.

The Koppers Company of Pittsburgh acts as technical adviser to the management, in accord with a stipulation the Export-Import Bank attached to its forty-eight-million-dollar loan. U.S. engineers and laborers have been working with the Chilean personnel while the latter acquired the necessary experience, but as the training program nears completion their numbers are being gradually decreased.

In an enterprise of such magnitude there is no place for improvisation or risk. The Board of Directors is aiming for "the peaceful development of a solid and constantly growing business." Many circumstances favor their efforts in this direction. The Bethlehem Iron Mines Company is under contract to furnish iron at cost—an unprecedented privilege that gives the Pacific Steel Company an advantage over all its U.S. counterparts. Moreover, coal, electricity, and labor are cheaper in Chile than in the United States. Finally, since there is no local competition and most of the products are contracted for in advance, selling and advertising costs are very low.

Each year, running at top speed, the plant uses 400,000 tons of iron ore and 18,000 of manganese from Coquimbo Province; 235,800 tons of coal from the Lota and Schwager companies and 133,800 from the United States; 85,000 tons of limestone from the Madre de Dios Islands; 10,300 tons of dolomite from Talca and 150 of partially refined tin from England; 180,000,000 kilowatt-hours of electricity furnished by the Abanico generators; 1,250,000 refractory bricks and 11,000,000 tons

(Continued on page 46)

Cartagena

QUEEN OF THE INDIES

Miguel Fadul

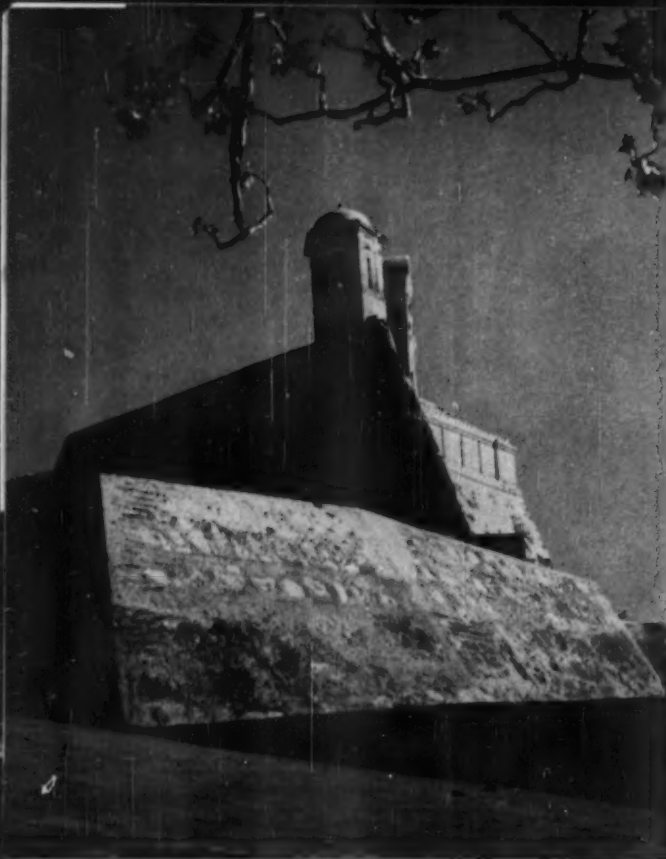
FROM THE TIME it was founded more than four centuries ago, Cartagena's existence has had the enchantment of a fairy tale: its youth was disorderly and its maturity happy and unconcerned.

It happened during the reign of Charles V, when "the sun never set on the Spanish Empire," that as a result of an amorous intrigue in Madrid, then the center of the world, Don Pedro de Heredia was involved in a fight with six people and had his nose cut off. Don Pedro

called upon a surgeon, who, drawing on the little that was known of the science in those days and using flesh from other parts of the body, performed the first plastic surgery in that part of Europe. Even though the color and form of the new proboscis were not perfect, the substitution could be detected only by careful examination, and Don Pedro was able to appear in public without embarrassment. The perpetrators of the outrage paid dearly: three lost their lives, the others had to flee.

View from Fort San José, part of powerful Spanish fortifications at Cartagena, Colombia, toward fishing village of Bocachica





Fort San Felipe, the highest and strongest in Cartagena chain, withstood many a would-be conqueror

Below: Another intriguing corner of Fort San José at entrance to magnificent harbor



After becoming Governor of Nueva Andalucía (now part of Venezuela), Heredia entered the bay of Cartagena for the first time on January 14, 1533. Six days later he founded the city, one of the oldest in America and the third to be established in what is now Colombia.

He called it Cartagena because most of his men came from the city of the same name in Spain, and added "of the Indies" to distinguish it. The new settlement took its first steps vigorously, and within a few years was a large, rich, and happy town. Happiness has never abandoned Cartagena, and today its fame attracts thousands of people in a mood for celebrating. Cervantes described the city as "refuge and shelter of the desperate from Spain, church of the embezzlers, safe conduct of murderers, bait and cover for gamblers, general lure for loose women, the common deception of many and special cure of few," and vainly petitioned the Council of the Indies to appoint him accountant of the royal galleons at that port. Called the "Queen of the Indies," it became the compulsory port of call for the merchant and naval fleets as well as a popular rest center for soldiers sent overseas to colonial posts.

Cartagena's wealth aroused the cupidity of the pirates. In its youth, the city suffered attacks by Robert Baal, a French buccaneer, who captured it with the help of a traitorous pilot; Martin Cote, another Frenchman but more colorful and bloodthirsty, who was defeated when he tried to take it a second time; John Hawkins, the famous English pirate, who contented himself with bombarding it; Sir Francis Drake, the noble corsair and protégé of Queen Elizabeth, who arrived one Ash Wednesday and occupied the port for forty-eight days; and the courtly Frenchman Jean B. Desjeannes, Baron of Pointis, who was held off for three days by Sancho Jimeno and his five veterans and sixty-eight recruits at the fort of San Luis. The baron was so impressed that he gave Jimeno his sword, saying that nowhere could it be in better hands and that such a valiant gentleman should be armed.

Then there was the wonderful chapter in which the one-eyed, one-armed, lame Blas de Lezo and four thousand soldiers stood up against the aristocratic and famous English admiral Sir Edward Vernon, who attacked the city with twenty-seven thousand men, 190 ships, and three thousand pieces of artillery. Vernon was so sure of victory that he brought medals with him, showing on one side Blas de Lezo on his knees, handing his sword to Vernon, surrounded by the inscription, "The Spanish Pride Pulled Down by Admiral Vernon," and on the other side, a city and six ships with the legend, "Who Took Portobelo with Six Ships Only." But he had to withdraw after losing ten thousand men. Colonel Lawrence Washington, elder brother of George, took part in this siege of Cartagena and later died as a result of the expedition. It was in honor of the admiral that the farm home George Washington inherited from his brother was named Mount Vernon.

But the saga does not end there. On November 11, 1811, Cartagena became the first city in New Granada to declare its complete independence from Spain. Its



Clock Gate was main entrance through protecting wall of the bustling city, still one of Colombia's major ports

Balconied colonial buildings have changed little in four centuries. At left is beginning of Portal de los Dulces arcade



love of liberty thrived on blood and destruction. Sanguinary Pablo Morillo, a rough soldier who distinguished himself in the struggle against Napoleon, besieged Cartagena for 108 days, during which hunger and disease killed six thousand patriots. Some three thousand tried to escape before surrendering, but their health was so bad that only five hundred reached Jamaica. Bolívar called it "The Heroic City."

The generous help the "Heroic City" gave that genius of America in his battle against Spanish colonialism can be measured by his phrase: "If Caracas gave me life, Cartagena gave me glory. Hail Cartagena the redeemer!" Many times, in unequal struggle, tired and with no more lives to offer, the city gave up its treasures, but not without valiantly defending them.

Let us leap over time and history and consider what this corner of America that Pedro de Heredia so often dreamed of is like now. Lying in the heart of the tropics, it has clear days and starry nights. Here the year has two seasons: rainy and dry, known as winter and summer. Paradoxically, it is hotter in the rainy winter. During the summer, from December to April, not a drop of water falls, and north winds cool the city, making possible all kinds of open-air events, including dances, picnics, plays.

Built on an island, the city is linked with the mainland by many bridges. This tongue of land extends along the coast for more than nine miles, northward from the middle of the bay. Salt water circles the old city like a belt, and reaches out through small channels to form additional islands, some of them now modern neighborhoods. It is a tropical Venice, and naturally its life is bound up with the sea.

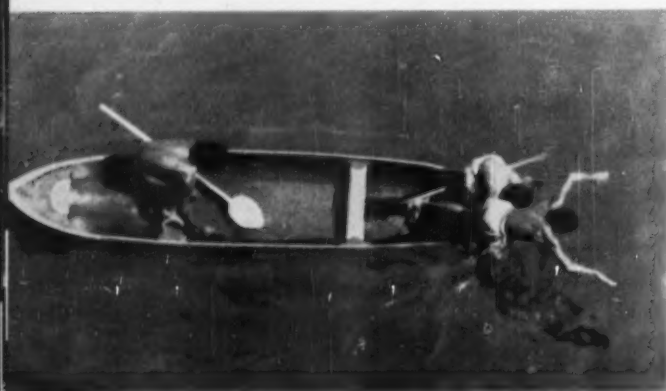
Unrivalled Cartagena Bay is a practical, sheltered harbor with room for all the fleets in the world, one of the main reasons why Don Pedro selected the site for his city. The size of the bay, which is at least nine miles long and three miles wide, surprises sailors, who must steer their ships from one end to the other. The island left two entrances, Boca Grande and Boca Chica, but the only way in now is by Boca Chica, for in a monumental feat of engineering the Spaniards walled off the other channel.

The shores of this transparent, slightly green expanse of water are lined with towns. There at the entrance are Bocachica and Caño de Loro, with the somnolence typical of fishing villages; opposite, on the mainland, Pascaballos, a town of swarthy builders of small boats who are sailors by heredity; then Mamonal and Buena-vista, petroleum terminals with settlements of U.S. families with their blond children in white houses on straight streets. At the end of the bay you find the walled city, looking from a distance like a pile of immense castles and cupolas against a clear blue sky. Thus you enter Cartagena.

The city's communications are by water. There are hundreds of boats with yellow and gray sails, and a lesser number of motorboats, which bring from everywhere the things the city needs and take away its products. The principal market, stocked high with delicate



Transferring bags of Colombia's top-quality coffee from coastwise craft for loading on export liner



Jovial, carefree Cartagena lads earn pleasant living diving for coins tossed by cruise passengers

Below: Basket weaver plies her trade in gay, tropical Cartagena, now luring tourists as it once did pirates



tropical fruit, is a rectangle jutting into the bay, bathed on three sides by its waters. Crowded around it are canoes, large and small, from across the bay or far-off Sinú, offering coconuts, bananas, sapodilla plums, star apples, cassavas, and yams. The owners cry out, inviting passersby to bid on their produce.

Those who have traveled in Spain are surprised to find that Cartagena's architecture is more thoroughly Spanish than that in many Iberian cities. As in all their tropical colonies, the Spaniards took care to make their buildings provide the maximum protection against the hot climate. The walls are surprisingly thick, the ceilings incredibly high, the patios contain fountains and gardens, and there are many corridors and balconies. The streets, on the other hand, are narrow—so much so that in parts of the Xiximani neighborhood you can touch the walls on both sides at the same time. Scarcely ever are the streets perfectly straight, and each block has a different name, which is a constant source of confusion to natives as well as visitors. Many go by the name of some store, important building, or notable legend. You may have to look for "Tomb-of-the-dead" to meet a friend, "Ladies" or "The Governor's Carriage House" to find a shop; an appointment may take you to the streets of "Our Lady of the Lost Child," "Bitterness," "Solitude," "Necessity," "The Cemetery," "The Serpent," or some other of the hundreds in the same vein.

The colonizers left the monumental walls that surround the old city, forming a rectangle of massive stonework, adorned with graceful sentry boxes and openings for firing harquebuses. In places the wall is as much as seventy feet thick and twenty-six feet high, and motorists can even drive up ramps and along the top to enjoy the view. Construction began in 1634 under Philip II, and ended in 1735 in the reign of Ferdinand VI. They say the former once went to the window of his palace in Madrid looking for the fortifications of Cartagena, for they had cost so much that he expected them to be visible across the sea. There were six gates in the wall, which were shut at ten o'clock each night, when the keys were ceremoniously handed over to the Governor.

Strategically located fortifications protect the bay and the city. At the entrance to the bay the imposing castles of San José and San Fernando face each other; farther on, about halfway in, Castillo Grande and Manzanillo Fort stand guard on opposite shores. Near the city are the forts of Pastelillo, at the water's edge, and San Felipe. San Felipe is perhaps the most powerful fortification built by the Spaniards in all their colonies. Rising high above a knoll, it has tunnels that supposedly connected it with the city and hundreds of yards of labyrinths designed to make an invader lose his way. It had everything necessary for resisting a long siege—batteries of cannon, weapon rooms, a chapel, a hospital, water tanks, and rest quarters.

The gaiety of Cartagena extends to its colonial fortresses. Pastelillo and Castillo Grande are now the headquarters of the private Fishing Club and Naval Club, and where the Spaniards stood guard their descendants spend the night dancing the impetuous *porro* or the frenzied *cumbia*.

(Continued on page 30)

Malcolm K. Burke and
Michael Scully*

PAY LOAD

OVER THE ANDES



Slim Faucett made pioneer flight across the Andes in this Curtiss Oriole



One of Faucett Company DC-4's (shown at Limatambo Airport, Lima) makes the same trip nowadays

THE AMAZON HEADWATER COUNTRY of eastern Peru is geography gone mad. In flood season its dozens of rivers plunge from the Andes via nameless falls and canyons, writhe across flat forests, and create a vast archipelago of jungle islands. But in the drier season many of them shift course or vanish completely, submerged lands reappear, and the whole map is transformed.

To Iquitos, capital of this state of chaos, Indians bring boatloads of rubber, *leche caspi* for chewing gum, peccary hides that reach Fifth Avenue as fine pigskin bags. The area is rich in medicinal herbs, vegetable oils, and rare woods. A nearby oil field promises to become one of the world's greatest.

For centuries this productive region of Peru was as inaccessible as Tibet. Even a military expedition took

six weeks to conquer the Andes and reach Iquitos from Lima, the nation's capital. The safer and easier route was by water—the Pacific Ocean, Panama Canal, Atlantic Ocean, Amazon River—6,300 miles in all.

Then, on October 5, 1922, this isolation was dramatically broken. That was the day the "thing" came. It roared down out of a thunderstorm some sixty miles upstream from Iquitos. It charged across the treetops, vanished, then returned, louder and more menacing. Half-naked Indians dived into the jungle to escape what was clearly a vengeful sky god, watched the "thing" circle, hover, and settle on a sandbar in the Río Marañón.

The sky god was "Slim" Faucett, a six-foot-two ex-farm-boy from Savona, New York. He had been trying

* Copyright 1953 by Michael Scully.

desperately to get his flimsy Curtiss biplane aground before the storm drowned its open motor. He did, with only a propeller splintered. For three hours the torrents lashed the sky god as he crouched in mortal misery under a wing. Then the sun came out and, finally, so did a few bold Indians. With pantomimic pleas, Slim induced them to rescue him in a canoe.

That was a day of miracles. The first was Faucett's 580-mile flight, the first to cross the Andes to Amazonia, which cut the trip to six and a half hours. In a sense, it was more daring than Lindbergh's trans-Atlantic feat five years later. Slim lacked radio, directional instruments, even a trustworthy map of a land that still confounds mapmakers. Nothing whatever was known of flying conditions through the windswept Andean passes or over the Amazon basin. He simply flew into the unknown. Then, to top the day's luck, along came the launch *Melita* on its twice-a-month trip from Iquitos to the more primitive outpost of Yurimaguas. It turned back to take Faucett to a delirious reception at Iquitos, his goal. When the *Melita* picked him up, his entire capital was one sol—a coin then worth forty cents. But he had proved a point worth billions of soles to Peru: that the airplane could tie together its bewildering patch-



Faucett in 1927, after winning motorcycle race in Lima

work of saw-toothed mountains, fertile valleys, jungles, and isolated cities, a territory more than twice the size of France.

Today, at sixty-two, Elmer J. Faucett is no longer slim, but he can settle his executive girth into a shining fifty-passenger DC-4 marked "*Compañía de Aviación Faucett*" and be whisked from Lima to Iquitos in three and a



Maintenance superintendent José M. Rodríguez (right) accompanies Faucett on tour of inspection

half hours. His one sol, plus nerve and pertinacity, has fostered a fleet of Faucett planes that stick their noses into every cranny of the Andes, span the deserts, reach mines that couldn't function without their service, and make routine hauls from nine airports in the deepest Amazon country.

"Every Peruvian is his grateful debtor. He unlocked two thirds of our country," says Eduardo Dibós, three times mayor of Lima and Faucett's close friend for thirty years. The nation has awarded him its highest civil decoration, the Order of the Sun. School children learn the story of the flight that opened Amazonia. In Iquitos a huge mural in the Restaurant Tropical commemorates the event, and a tiny replica of the Curtiss biplane swings in front of the city's biggest store.

Before Peru, life for Slim was checkered. "At about twenty-three," he draws the story reluctantly, "I got tired of walking, especially behind a plow." So he got a job driving an early-day bus that bumped between Bath and Corning, New York. During the winters he took to blacksmithing. Then in 1915 Curtiss built its first aircraft plant at Hammondsport, near Slim's village. He went to work there and discovered his unsuspected mechanical gifts. By 1917 he was chief mechanic of the Curtiss flying school at Miami, Florida. He enlisted for World War I, hoping to fly, but the army sent him right back to help speed Curtiss' production at Hammondsport.

In 1920, while he was Curtiss' chief mechanic at Roose-

velt Field, Long Island, he surrendered to an uncontrollable urge. A sleek little motorized box kite, the famous Curtiss Jenny, was sitting all alone on the strip. Slim knew every screw, strut, and spring in it, but he had never flown it. He made his first solo flight without permission, and landed head-on into a gale of words, the sum of which was "You're fired!"

But he was promptly rehired and offered a job servicing Curtiss planes in Peru. "Where's Peru?" he asked. A month later he arrived there for good.

Coastal Peru is prime flying country—all desert, farm lands, or beaches. Temperatures vary little and the air is seldom disturbed. Despite such conditions, there was not enough aviation activity to make the job attractive to Slim, and after some months he quit. But he liked the country, its people, and the long-range outlook for aviation. He decided to remain as a free-lance pilot-mechanic, taking passengers when and where he could get them. He made a record emergency run of four hundred miles to Chiclayo with medicine, and did other such aerial odd jobs. His only conditioned landing strip was in Lima. Elsewhere, he put the little craft down wherever the earth looked reasonably flat.

Slim's flight to Amazonia convinced him that a national airline was practicable, though prospective backers remained dubious. The opportunity was obvious: only three slow, tortuous rail lines linked limited areas with the fourteen-hundred-mile coast, and motor roads were nonexistent. But they questioned whether planes could

penetrate the Andes with routine security. So Slim flew five hundred miles to mountain-locked Arequipa, dropped onto a windswept ledge at eight thousand feet, demonstrated that other such points could be served successfully at all seasons. Finally, he persuaded local investors to put up a hundred thousand soles (\$40,000). The Faucett Aviation Company was launched, with Slim holding the reins and one third of the stock. Its fleet consisted of two six-passenger Stinsons with single 220-h.p. motors.

The Faucett line now carries some 110,000 passengers a year. In two hours its DC-4 from Lima will take a load of tourists 350 miles across the Andes to Cuzco, the Incas' capital, where life still goes on much as it did when Columbus was born; the trip by automobile takes three to four days. DC-4s and 3s cover 4,500 miles of scheduled routes from Lima's ultramodern airport. Without a centavo of government subsidy, the company has paid substantial dividends for twenty consecutive years, and is still Peru's only scheduled domestic airline.

But the plane on which this success was built was no glittery import. It is registered formally as a Faucett, but to all Peruvians it is *El Chico*—"the little one"—a flying pack mule produced by Faucett to fit Peru. It weighed only 5,600 pounds, but its single 375-h.p. motor



Faucett planes on Ucayali River haul rubber from the jungle. Air age opened up Peruvian interior

could lift a ton, including eight passengers and a pilot, to twenty thousand feet. Its stubby wings could negotiate mountain gaps where a conventional plane would be shattered. It could land in a three-hundred-yard jungle clearing.

Practically everything but the Pratt & Whitney engine was built in Faucett's workshop, which grew from a shed to South America's best-developed aircraft plant. Thirty Chicos were produced there. The last one was built in 1947, but five of them still go humping around the Amazon wilds on short hauls where cargo is profitable and passengers are few.

With World War II, Peru began intensive development of its air fields, and the general use of big planes on inland routes became feasible. Faucett now has available a dozen airports plus its own landing strips in every crevice and corner of the country. Its thirty-five radio stations both control traffic and flash important news over distances that took weeks to cover just a few years ago.

Near Iquitos. Since maps were nonexistent, Faucett had to follow the river on his first flight

True Cross relics, taken around Western world on peace pilgrimage, were carried in Peru by Faucett planes



Delivering traders to Iquitos, tourists to Cuzco, and oilmen to Talara, six hundred miles up the coast, is only one facet of the Faucett Company's business. Its cargo hauls have literally remade life in many places. Iquitos, the prime example, has doubled in size to forty-five thousand since planes linked it with the outside world. The city's vital center is a huge depot where Faucett each week delivers twenty-three tons of merchandise ranging from drugs and cigarettes to sacked cement and diesel engines. Returning, the planes bring out *barbasco* (a root used in insecticides), hides, jute, herbs, and sometimes jaguars, monkeys, snakes, and parrots. A new highway over the Andes to Pucallpa, far upriver, now makes Iquitos accessible by land and river in nine days. But no road will ever conquer the flood-season archipelago that surrounds the city; it will always be sustained from the air.

In Peru's southernmost jungles, touching Bolivia, is one of South America's richest rubber areas. To market its product over 2,500 miles of tortuous rivers used to take weeks; today Faucett delivers the rubber to Lima within three hours. The result is a thriving tire-and-rubber-goods industry in the capital.

Nothing surprises a Faucett pilot. In Lima he may



load a pair of prize bulls for a remote hacienda, a jeep, mining chemicals, and iced fish from the Pacific. And he may bring back a shipment of gold, furs, and archeological specimens, and a stretcher case bound for a Lima hospital.

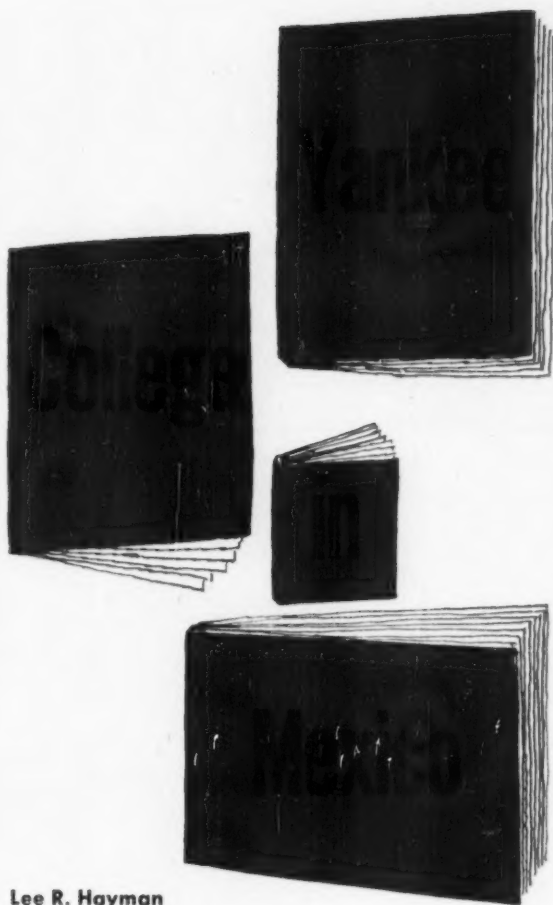
Even in Elmer Faucett's free-lancing days, the flying geologist began to replace the pick-and-shovel prospector and his burro in the quest for mineral wealth. Slim himself flew some of the earliest surveys, for an irrigation project. But the first major strike to result from such efforts was a sheer accident. In 1929 a charter plane took Robert Ryan, an engineer, to survey a possible railroad route to an upper Amazon tributary. He came back with news of a perfect oil-dome formation in wildest Amazonia. That turned out to be Ganso Azul, perhaps the world's most tantalizing oil field. Developed by Peruvian and California oil men, it offered evidence that the whole region was a rich petroleum reserve. But to reach the world market required a seven-hundred-mile pipeline over the Andes or else a fleet of shallow tankers covering three thousand miles of waterways. Costs made either method impracticable, so for twenty years Ganso Azul produced just enough oil to supply Iquitos and a few downriver settlements. But now postwar conditions have renewed the enthusiasm of both Peru and the U.S. oil interests. Three companies have registered for exploration rights, and a plan has been under consideration for a seventy-five-million-dollar pipeline to pump oil over an 8,200-foot Andean gap and deliver it to a new port on the northern coast.

Peru's historic treasure of gold, silver, and copper came from mines which, for all their great altitude, were accessible to earthbound explorers. But thousands of square miles, hemmed by precipitous ramparts, were never fully appraised until the plane came. Now the hunt for substances vital to modern metallurgy—molybdenum, antimony, vanadinite, tungsten, cadmium, and others—is opening a second mining era perhaps greater than the first. Jack Wilson, noted Canadian geologist, recently flew to Lima, climbed into a chartered Faucett plane, and covered 4,500 miles, hovering, circling, photographing, and making notes on spots that suggested hidden wealth. His reports and photographs are the basis for an extensive development program being launched by the Mauricio Hochschild mining interests.

One of Slim Faucett's greatest satisfactions is that he virtually fathered one of Peru's highest-paid groups of craftsmen. Most of the 350 mechanics and maintenance men with the line today were personally trained by him while he was building the Chicos. While the line was expanding rapidly, most Faucett pilots were hired from the United States, but on today's total payroll of more than six hundred names, only ten fliers and five office men are from the States. Beginning with Samuel Pérez, the traffic manager, who learned to fly with Slim in the early twenties, all operational posts are Peruvian-manned.

Except for that splintered propeller in 1922, Faucett has spent an entire generation in the air without an accident. "Of course," Slim says, "you could say it was an accident that I got to Peru to begin with." ♦ ♦ ♦

Like nearly all company personnel, stewardess Elvira Beck is Peruvian



Lee R. Hayman

THE CLASS OF SIX that met in Mexico City one day in June 1940 did not look like much of a start for a new and different kind of liberal-arts college. But more than six thousand north-of-the-border students in the next twelve years made the point that there was a need for Mexico City College—a school oriented primarily toward them, patterned after U.S. institutions, awarding U.S.-style degrees, offering most of its courses in English, yet deeply rooted in the foreign culture that surrounds it.

To MCC, as it is popularly called, come young people not only from the United States but also from Canada, Central and South America, the West Indies, Europe, and Mexico itself—from as far away as Poland and the Philippines. They come for many reasons: to combine learning with the pleasures of “being abroad”; to enjoy a lower cost of living; to mingle with fellow-students and professors of many nationalities; to study, say, anthropology in a place where Aztec and Maya ruins are at most a few hours away and Indian communities dot the countryside off every highway, or art in the land where Orozco painted. A prime advantage, to be sure, is that at MCC all this requires little or no prior knowledge of Spanish (the National University is the only other school



Mexico City College students learned in class about this stone Toltec figure; now they see it at the National Museum of Anthropology

of higher learning in Mexico that presents courses in English). But it does not take the students long to pick up at least “basic” Spanish; eventually most become practically bilingual.

One course, for example, that could only with difficulty be offered outside Mexico is in spoken and written Nahuatl, an indigenous tongue. An advanced group, under the guidance of the instructor, Miguel Barrios, is preparing what will be the only grammar of modern Nahuatl available to either English- or Spanish-speaking students. This, incidentally, is an excellent method of learning. Field trips also further understanding of this strange language. On a recent excursion to Milpa Alta, class members spoke to the Indians in Nahuatl and gathered folk tales in connection with their work on Aztec traditions. Since large areas of Mexico still use Nahuatl, this class is practical for field workers.

A less exotic course gets a new angle at MCC. Theory and practice are equally stressed at the Foreign Trade Center, which offers the only major of its kind outside the United States, with a two-year program leading to a certificate and the usual four-year course earning a bachelor's degree. Because many U.S. firms have branches

or subsidiaries in Mexico, students are given an opportunity to see how trade works from the other end, so to speak. They become accustomed to the cultural patterns of Latin American life, and thus have a head start on U.S.-trained men. Through the Center's placement bureau, many go right on to jobs with firms doing business in the Americas.

The college was founded by Henry L. Cain (its president) and Paul V. Murray (the dean), two U.S. educators with many years' experience in Mexico. Before becoming principal, then superintendent, with the American Schools Foundation—an association of U.S. residents of Mexico City who want their children to receive a private English-language education—Dr. Cain had been a public-school teacher and principal in Louisiana and New York. Mr. Murray formerly taught in and directed the Foundation's American High School, and lectured at the National University of Mexico and the University of Texas. Their aim was a nondenominational liberal-arts school to spread knowledge of other countries, especially the Hispanic world represented by Mexico, and develop good citizens with an international outlook. At the first commencement exercises, in 1944 and 1945, twenty graduates received diplomas as Associates in Arts and Sciences; this "degree," no longer awarded, represented four years of work but not within a recognized college curriculum, which MCC was not yet equipped to offer. The total for the 1951-52 academic year was 178 B.A.'s and sixty-one M.A.'s. Not content with administrative roles, both continue to lecture—Dr. Cain as professor of education, Mr. Murray as professor of history.

What pushed the young college over the hump was its recognition by the Veterans Administration and the consequent influx of ex-service people, beginning with the 1946 winter quarter. The magnet was the fact that their subsistence allowance under the G.I. Bill of Rights, which also furnished tuition fees, books, and other supplies, was ample for living expenses in Mexico City. Today a slowly growing enrollment of Korea veterans is carrying on the trend.

Like the student body, the faculty represents many flags. Though most of the professors and instructors were educated in the United States or Mexico, others are from England, France, Germany, Italy, and Portugal. Many are Spanish—among them José Gaos, co-chairman of graduate studies and head of the philosophy department, who was formerly rector of the University of Madrid; and anthropology professor Pedro Bosch Gimpera, once rector of the University of Barcelona. The former Czechoslovakian Minister to Mexico, Václav Laska, teaches history and government. Baron Alexander von Wuthenau, from Germany, who is a cousin of the British royal family, teaches the history of art, and is assisting the Mexican Government in the restoration of its colonial art treasures. Also in the art department is Justino Fernández, leading Orozco authority.

One of MCC's three specialized Centers is devoted to art. Housed, together with several other departments, in a beautiful colonial mansion in the Roma residential district, where the college has always been located, it is



Between classes everybody heads for the main patio. Refreshments and dinner are served there



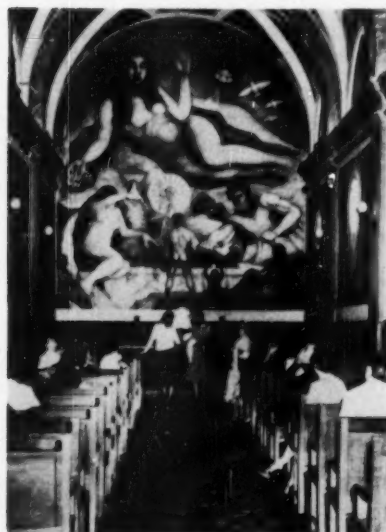
M. C. Collegian reporter interviews William O'Dwyer, then U.S. Ambassador to Mexico. In the center, college president Henry L. Cain



On trip to museum, Professor Pedro Armillas (with beard) explains intricately carved Honduran statue to his class



Model authentically dressed as Aztec warrior poses for MCC life class, held outdoors in art-division patio



At Chapingo, students appraise Diego Rivera murals in former chapel at the National Agricultural School



Field trip takes students and lecturer Frederick Peterson (lower left) to small Santa Cecilia Pyramid, on outskirts of Mexico City

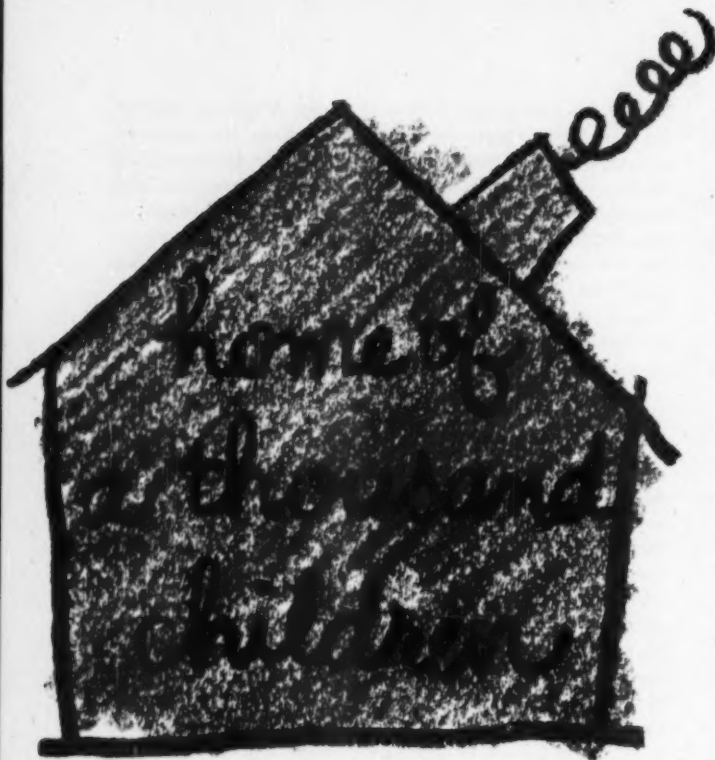
staffed by recognized U.S. and Latin American professionals. Its program includes preparation for teaching as well as for careers in art. Study of the fundamentals of the plastic arts is combined with demonstration and experiment in a workshop atmosphere. Class work is supplemented by field trips to the colorful areas in which Mexico abounds and visits to murals in progress—what could be more stimulating than watching Rivera or Siqueiros at work on a masterpiece? Frequent student exhibits are an added incentive to the neophytes, many of whom start selling their works before they graduate.

The Writing Center was founded three years ago by Margaret Shedd, a California novelist, who felt that the United States and Mexico are "two animated and differing peoples who complement each other artistically." About fifty student writers, of both nations, have enrolled in each quarterly session. Since Miss Shedd's departure, the Center has been headed by Ted Robins, another California author, and short-story-writer Jerry Moss Olson. Their international staff includes the widely published James Norman Schmidt and the Spanish-Mexican philosopher Ramón Xirau. The students range from unpublished beginners to professionals like True Bowen, whose novel *And the Stars Shall Fall* appeared in 1951. Working in this creative environment, many have begun to sell to periodicals large and small, which is an added stimulus.

Perhaps the most important class is "Manuscript Evaluation," a round-table discussion of members' stories, plays, and poems. The assignments for "Writer's Observation of Current Mexico" have a three-fold value: since they call for objective reports on various phases of Mexican life, they sharpen powers of observation and discipline writing within a framework of fact; they bring complex Mexico City into focus; they furnish fresh background material for stories and articles. "Creative Two-Way Spanish-English Translation," a new course supervised by Ramón Xirau and editor Donald Demarest of New York, is a group project emphasizing the creative aspect of transferring things from one language to the other. The Mexican and U.S. participants explore two-way translation as a means of mastering their own language. A further object, of course, is to turn out professional translators. Beginning with their own writing, class members gradually work into unfamiliar and more difficult material. The Center does not neglect commercial writing—Mr. Olson conducts classes in article writing, Mr. Schmidt in fiction for the popular magazines.

At the other end of the scale from the Nahuatl class is the department of English for Mexicans, under the direction of Elena Picazo Murray, wife of the dean. Formed in January 1951 because of the increasing need in Mexico to be bilingual, the department has grown so phenomenally—thirteen hundred students are enrolled in the day and evening classes—that it now occupies a building of its own. Its thirteen courses range from English for beginners through "English A," completion of which means that the student has sufficient command of the language to meet U.S. college-entrance require-

(Continued on page 27)



A TINY BLACK DOOR cuts through a side wall of the Havana Orphan Asylum and Maternity Home. For more than a century and a half unwed or impoverished mothers have been stealing up to it when the sidewalk is deserted and placing their babies on the revolving platform inside. A spin of the platform carries the child into the waiting arms of a Sister of Charity on the other side of the wall.

The dual name of this refuge for homeless children grew out of the merging a hundred years ago of two kindred agencies. One was the Casa de Maternidad, with roots going back to the center for foundlings opened in 1687 by Bishop Diego Evelino de Compostela, and after a temporary eclipse reestablished by Fray Gerónimo Valdés in 1705. The other was the Casa de Beneficencia (Orphan Asylum) founded on the present site by a group of well-to-do citizens in 1794.

The orphanage is now run by the Cuban Government through a twelve-man executive board appointed by the Minister of Health and Public Assistance. Working under this board are a director, the Sisters of Charity (who donate their services), and a staff of paid help. Operating funds come from government appropriations, a share in the National Lottery, and the bequests of private individuals.

Unwed or destitute mothers have long brought their children to door in wall of Havana's Orphan Asylum and Maternity Home

Weight of baby on the revolving platform inside door rings a bell, which alerts the Sister of Charity on duty at the time



Any papers or trinkets that are pinned to the infant when he arrives are carefully filed away as identification should his mother come back to claim him. If their parents have expressed no preference, the babies are given the name of the saint whose feast day they came on, and each has traditionally been given the surname Valdés. Under a new decree, however, they are now named for any of the founders and benefactors or provided with some typical Cuban surname so that their origin will not be so obvious after they leave the asylum.

Of course, the children who entered via the revolving platform represent only one segment of the thousand youngsters now living in this giant building that looks out across Maceo Park to the sea. Many are sent there by the Child Welfare Center or other agencies, and some are brought openly by parents or guardians who can prove they are unable to support them. Still others are left with the doorkeeper, with no questions asked. As a matter of fact, the governing board considers the platform anachronistic and plans to do away with it as soon as it has been demonstrated that wordless encounters with the concierge are an acceptable substitute.

Quite a few of the youngsters are adopted, and even greater numbers find homes through a simpler procedure called *prohijación*. Under this plan a contract is signed

whereby the prospective foster parents agree to care for and educate the child as if it were their own and the orphanage agrees not to interfere unless they fail to live up to their obligations. Less final than outright adoption, this arrangement allows the asylum to keep an eye on the youngster until he comes of age.

Those who are not placed in foster homes or reclaimed by their own families stay under the orphanage's protective roof until they are old enough to make their way in the world. The girls learn the three R's as well as domestic and secretarial skills from the Sisters of Charity, and the boys get their elementary schooling and lessons in music, sports, and manual arts from teachers furnished by the Ministry of Education. Those showing unusual ability are provided with scholarships to public or private high schools, agricultural and normal schools, and the University of Havana. So that they will not feel they are living in a world apart, they are taken on frequent excursions to the country, the theater, sporting events, and so on.

The children are treated as individuals all along the way and encouraged to make the most of their particular talents. A continuous effort is made to help them understand that they are no different from any other Cuban youngster, no matter what his circumstances.—M. G. R.

(Turn page)

The newcomer is weighed and a careful record made of his entry; then he goes to the infirmary for an observation period.

Toddlers sleep in comfortable cribs in pleasantly decorated nurseries. Each child gets individual attention and affection.





A worker sits at each table to supervise the younger children. Use of aluminum plates and cups eliminates breakage



Bequests from people all over the world provide playthings like this little piano

Thanks to the Cuban Government, the Sisters, and the paid staff, these youngsters will have a carefree childhood to remember

The girls learn their reading, writing, and arithmetic from the Sisters, the boys from teachers sent by the Ministry of Education



YANKEE COLLEGE IN MEXICO

(Continued from page 23)

ments. Besides the usual grammar and conversation lessons, courses include business English, speech and drama, U.S. or English literature, composition, and accent-elimination. The students also practice, and have a good time as well, by learning U.S. folk and popular songs; by holding a weekly all-college "mixer" dance in the school patio, with an eight-piece orchestra playing tunes of both countries; and by putting on plays in English. Recently they presented a full-length, three-act drama, with all roles enacted by class members.

Like everything else at MCC, interest in sports is bi-national. Varsity baseball, basketball, and football are enthusiastically followed by Mexican and U.S. students alike. And bullfight fans from MCC may be seen cheering their favorite matador every Sunday afternoon at the Plaza México; a few have even tried the dangerous art themselves.

Two housing directors, one for single men and married couples, the other for women, take care of putting roofs over all these heads. Single women are required to live in college-approved rooms unless they carry permission from their parents to take private apartments—a regulation similar, incidentally, to the one enforced by the National University. Other students may live where they choose.

MCC's ties with other schools are strong. Since it awards no degree higher than the Master's, graduates often go on for their doctorates to other universities in Mexico, where full acceptance is always given to their MCC degrees. Professors visit back and forth to lecture; for example, a number of National University professors participated in the MCC course on the psychology of the Mexican people. Special events at one school are supported by the rest. A particularly close connection is maintained with neighboring Texas. MCC is a member of the Association of Texas Colleges, with a unique extraterritorial status, and many of its scholarships are directed toward students from that state. The relationship works both ways—not long ago the Texas Good Neighbor Commission brought up twelve Mexican instructors and teachers to study procedures in Texas schools.

The annual summer school for teachers is also Texas-inspired. The popular Workshop in Latin American Cultures, planned and now directed by Nell Parmley, formerly of the Texas state education department, offers intensive work in the Spanish language and in Mexican social studies and crafts. MCC faculty members and guest speakers lecture and conduct panel discussions, and additional insight into Mexican life is given with films, slides, classes in music and dancing, and excursions. Offered in two five-week schedules, these summer programs have been attended by teachers from all over the United States, Canada, and Mexico. An Advance Workshop enables those with some knowledge of the field to develop projects of their own, under the supervision of department heads.

In the winter of 1946, Dr. James Tharp, education



Watching a piñata in the making. Under decorations is clay jug, to be filled with candy and toys and broken in popular Christmas game

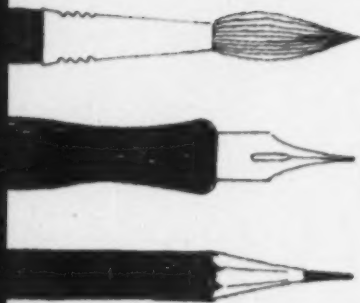
professor at Ohio State University, pioneered the "quarter in Mexico" plan by bringing a group of his students to MCC for the first of what have turned out to be annual jaunts. Last year seventy-two graduates and undergraduates made the trip. The idea has been taken up by other U.S. colleges, notably Georgetown University School of Foreign Service, which has sent several contingents to the summer quarter. Notre Dame, the University of Arizona, and Vanderbilt and Peabody Teachers College in Nashville all had special groups at the 1952 summer session.

Another bond is with the OAS. Last year Helen Kaufmann, on scholarship-loan from the Union's Columbus Memorial Library, came down for two quarters to take classes, teach one, and assist in the school library. Now, back in Washington, she is acting as liaison between the two libraries. Tom Liles, after two years' study at MCC, received a scholarship to the Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences in Costa Rica to do research on abacá, the plant that produces Manila hemp.

While international friendship cannot be taught in the classroom, Mexico City College is proof that the communication taking place there is one way to bring it about. ♦ ♦ ♦

Visit to Chapultepec Castle, home of ill-starred Emperor Maximilian, brings history lesson to life





Arnaldo Pedrosa d'Horta

self-taught artist

Sergio Milliet

THAT PHRASE of Gino Severini, the Italian painter who founded futurism, can never be repeated too often: People should draw as they write, without bothering about calligraphy, for that's the only way to achieve natural and profound expression and, consequently, originality. Only then does drawing become significant. In support of Severini I could quote the Brazilian painter Emiliano Di Cavalcanti's favorite saying: anyone who tries hard can draw "properly." The reason children's drawings are so moving is that they are not concerned with rules or models but rather give themselves over to the simple need for graphic expression. By the same token, those who resist the temptation to copy nature and devote themselves without prejudice to expressing their emotions achieve convincing results.

Arnaldo Pedrosa d'Horta, who recently exhibited his paintings at the São Paulo Museum of Art, falls in this category. A self-taught artist, it never occurred to him to follow painstakingly the classroom formulas of the academies; he was never concerned with exact reproduction. Looking at the human form or at the landscape, he expressed what he felt with his pencil, pen, or brush. Now we see the results in a series of works that reveal a personality.

The fact that he does not copy, however, does not mean that he has given up painting what he sees in favor of abstraction. It means only that for Pedrosa reality is a point of departure, a source of emotion, which he tries to express in lines and shades. Whether or not his boats and fishermen look like those in photographs is of little consequence—they are there, in movement and rhythm, revealing a much richer reality than the average photograph gives us. This is an inner reality, in which only certain characteristics of the model remain, but with the added wealth of the artist's inventiveness.

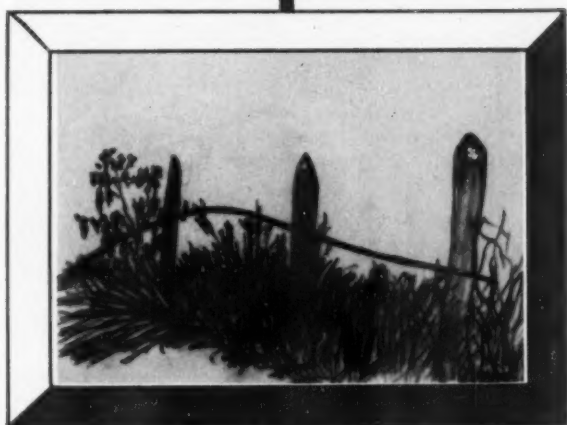
The Brazilian painter Arnaldo Pedrosa d'Horta was born in São Paulo on December 5, 1914. He holds a law degree, and for a time practiced his profession. He has also taught, worked for the government, and been an active newspaperman. Four years ago he dropped journalism to take up painting and for three months attended Emiliano Di Cavalcanti's drawing course. Aside from that, he is completely self-taught. His paintings were first exhibited in 1951 at the international Biennial Art Exhibit in São Paulo (August 1952 AMERICAS). Later he won a silver medal at São Paulo's First Modern Art Exhibit. Some of his works were included in an international show of contemporary Brazilian paintings, drawings, and engravings organized by the University of Chile in Santiago last October. His first one-man show of drawings and gouaches took place the same month at the São Paulo Museum of Art. Of the forty-two works, twenty-eight were sold. His colors vary, but recurring combinations are blue-green, green-blue-yellow, and yellow-brown.

Arnaldo Pedrosa d'Horta neither distorts nor abstracts. What sometimes seems abstract or distorted in his drawings is a reflection of his own sensitivity expressed under the impact of emotion. He is a poet first of all, a poet who draws instead of writing verses. His drawings belong in the family of those who meditate and dream, like Gauguin, and not with those who observe and tease, like Toulouse Lautrec. The latter try to arouse emotion, the former to express their own. One group displays sensitivity, the other mental agility.

Having recognized that, the art critic cannot concentrate on technical analysis of Pedrosa's work. Each spontaneous draftsman has his own technique; its quality can be measured only in terms of creative power and not by conventional esthetic standards. It is already possible, however, to detect a style in this beginner. No matter how different his approaches, we sense the presence of the same individual, with his virtues and vices. Lyrical par excellence, he achieves best results with the melody of his lines. A sensitive man, his values are never out of tune. His strokes are often heavy and synthetic, a result of slow, deep emotion. Other times he is whimsical and analytical. But he is almost always subjective.

Not all the drawings exhibited were equally good. Some were immature, mere attempts at expression. In portraits and in certain landscapes there is an excessive harshness and sometimes over-simplification. It is as if the artist had run against an obstacle in the model itself, which prevented him from achieving deep insight so he could crystallize his emotion.

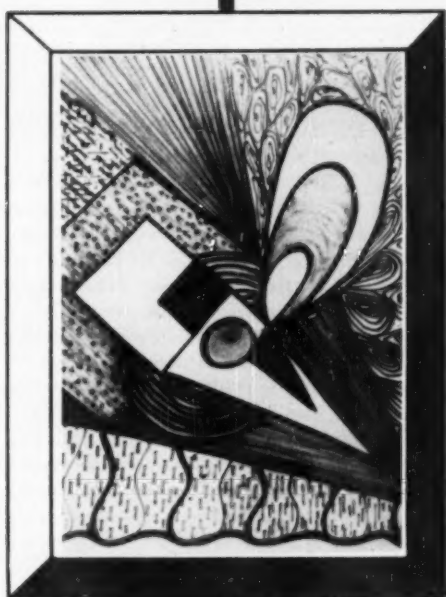
In dealing with such artistic debuts, the usual thing is to call them "auspicious" and "promising." But it would be ridiculous to say such trivial things about an artist who has already found himself, who has chosen a path and is following it with conviction. One either likes him or not, that's all. I do. ♦ ♦ ♦



Fence



Potted plants



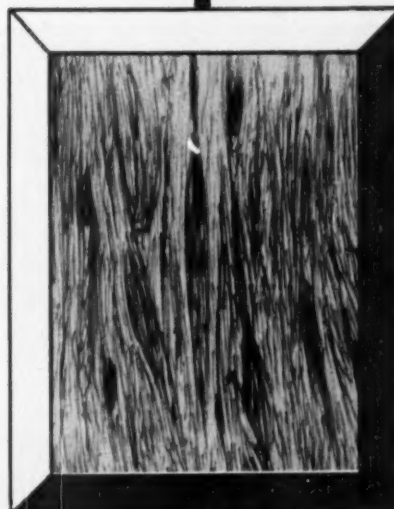
Composition



Fishermen



Dog



Study of wood

CARTAGENA, QUEEN OF THE INDIES

(Continued from page 16)

In the center of the city we find what was the seat of the anti-Christian tribunal—the Inquisition—in this part of America. The stone entrance way with its carved coat of arms and the well-preserved wooden door are beautifully designed, and the whole building, with its balconies, cloisters, and patios, is a masterpiece of the colonial baroque. The Jesuit Church of San Pedro Claver, entirely of stone, and Santo Domingo, Santa Clara, and La Trinidad are jewels of religious art and major tourist attractions.

Around almost all the plazas, arcades one or more blocks long offer refuge from the tropical sun. Through them the nobility strolled years ago. The largest and most central, known as the Portal de los Dulces (Arcade of Sweets) is a favorite meeting place. There newspapers and magazines are hawked and lottery tickets are sold.

Cartagena's color is white, set off by the brick red of fired-clay roof tiles. All the buildings have balconies, some even mezzanines and bay windows, and wrought-iron lanterns swing loosely on their chains.

At night, open-air concerts are given in some of Cartagena's ubiquitous parks—which in the tropics are a necessity—and young men of the district parade around the bandstand to some waltz or light tune. Close to examination time you see students studying beneath the street lights in the quieter parks.

Outside the walled area, or "little stone corral," as it is popularly known, are luxurious and very poor neighborhoods, modern and colonial districts, big communities and small. The splendor of the houses and gardens of Bocagrande, a long, narrow strip between bay and sea, contrasts sharply with the atmosphere of Esponja, on the shore of Cabrero Lake, with its houses of woven bamboo and mud.

What are the Cartagena people like? The Indians, the indomitable Calamaris, have disappeared from the scene, absorbed by whites and Negroes. Now, in fact, most of the people are mulattoes, and it is almost impossible to find a pure Negro. The climate and the combination of races have made them the happiest and most optimistic beings on earth. In Colombia, Cartagena is synonymous with music and fiesta. People in the interior, who are addicted to quiet, suspiciously ask a prospective roomer where he comes from, and there are places where they will not admit a coast dweller. As for the women, there is not a traveler who passes this way who does not remark on their beauty and gracious carriage. Cartagena has given the country more beauty queens than any other city, and it is a common complaint among *cartagenos* that all their eligible women are carried off by outsiders.

The extroverted character of the natives of the Heroic City naturally makes them gregarious. The many clubs, with or without a clubhouse, meet periodically for artistic and scientific discussions sprinkled with local rum. The sessions held by the literary center "El Bodegón" have become famous. Although it is the most democratic group in the world, it has by common con-

sent a noble hierarchy: a king and many barons. In its heyday, under the command of King Jacobo (Jacobo Delvalle), the poet Luis Carlos López—also a king of ingenuity and satire—made his debut, along with many others.

Like most modern cities, Cartagena is becoming more standardized with the years, but few places can still offer so many and such varied local customs. The vendor of charcoal—the chief fuel—goes up and down the streets with his wooden cart drawn by a donkey tinted almost as black as himself with the dust of his wares, which are stacked to incredible heights in hemp bags. Then there are the coconut vendors pushing their three-wheeled carts. Years of practice are required to attain their skill in chopping an opening in the hard shell with two or three swift strokes of a machete to admit the customer's straw. An energetic woman with a tray on her head sells sweets made of cassava flour and other delicacies. In hundreds of stalls in the arcades, the marketplace, and throughout the city *chicha* made from rice is on hand to quaff the public's thirst.

Every night long, wobbly, four-legged tables and benches are set up haphazardly in the open air. Until recently the site was in front of a colonial convent in the very center of the city, but now, for good civic reasons, it has been moved to a spot by the arsenal, on the bay shore. Beside each table a charcoal burner boils the fat in an iron caldron in which incomparable meat pies and rice dishes are prepared. No fiesta is complete unless it ends with the traditional visit to the "poor people's kitchen." This represents the complete negation of racial prejudice, for whites and Negroes, mulattoes and mestizos, eat happily at the same table.

Many European cities pride themselves on a world-renowned typical dish. Cartagena's rice with coconut can be compared to rice à la Valenciana. The *sancocho* is a delectable combination of all the tuberous vegetables, including the tropical cassava and yam, with chopped fried fish or any kind of meat. Made with shad, it need not envy the best bouillabaise of Marseilles. No omelet is better than an egg *empanada*, which consists of two layers of corn dough that open like an oyster shell, fried with eggs in the middle.

Cartagena has a wealth of folklore. The Negro and Indian races have exerted the strongest influence on the development of its typical music. Afro-Cartagenan rhythms spread triumphantly through the world, among them the *porros*, *fandangos*, and *mapalés*, of which *Santa Maria*, *El Cafetal*, *El Caimán* and *La Múcura* are outstanding examples. The Indian note is seen in the monotonous rhythm of the *gaita*, which to the layman seems much like a schottische.

Negro and Indian traditions also live on in the dances. The *cumbia*, with a maddening rhythm that goes on for hours, is the most popular. The musicians, almost all playing wind instruments, sit down in the open while a circle of couples dances around them. Each woman holds a bundle of three or four lighted candles in one hand at head height, while her partner dances around her. These celebrations are held in large, dimly lit plazas,



Despite ravages of time and fire, convent of Santa Cruz de la Popa defies the Devil on Cartagena's highest hill

with the candles brightening the scene. The dance goes on without pause; when one couple withdraws another takes its place, and the same goes for the musicians.

Jorge Artel, a Cartagena Negro poet, gives this picture of the *cumbia*:

The human hoop pressed together
is a carousel of flesh and blood,
jumbled with drunken shouts
and the sweat of sailors,
with women who smell of the warm pitch of the harbor,
of the fresh iodine of the sea
and the air of the shipyards.

It moves like a serpent
resounding with bells,
in time with the cracks
that the gay maracas
spatter over the hours,
disheveled with noise.

Young people in the Heroic City spend more nights party-going than at home. The most important celebration is the carnival on the anniversary of the declaration of independence, when thousands of men and women in masks and costumes roam the streets, dancing to the sound of drums and maracas. Decorated floats, the fire-cracker "snakes" that dart between the people's legs before exploding, the battle of flowers, and the beauty contests make this November 11 celebration one of Colombia's most famous fiestas. For four days, common sense is banished, and the period of collective madness is hailed by the mayor's band as he orders "compulsory gaiety." Depending on the public's energy, "extensions" of the party continue on Saturdays and Sundays for one or two months.

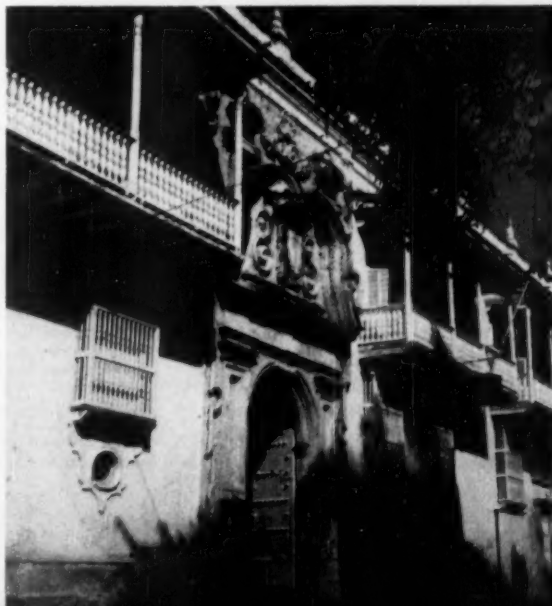
The day of the Virgin of Candlemas, the city's patron saint, is also an occasion for general merriment. The

church is atop La Popa, the highest hill in the city, at about five hundred feet. For nine days before the feast, which falls on February 2, thousands of people go up to the peak from morning to night, on foot, by car, on burro or horse. Many visit the small church, which is part of an old Spanish convent dating from colonial times, and others come just for the joy of the outing. At night public dances and festivals, including the *cumbia*, are organized at the foot of the hill.

This mound is full of legends, and one of the most popular tells how the convent came to be built there. A mestizo called Luis Andrea used to carry on the cult of Satan, known to his worshippers as Buziraco. He often invoked the Devil, who appeared to him in human form on this peak, then known as "La Galera" because it was shaped like a galley. But because he had so much work to do in other parts of the world, Satan left a permanent representative in the form of a goat called Uri. A hut was erected on the hilltop as a temple to the Devil, without windows or doors so that darkness would reign within. When Buziraco disappeared, the Indians brought out Uri and danced a macabre dance around him until they fell from exhaustion.

At that time an Augustinian priest named Alonso de la Cruz Paredes was living in Bogotá, and the Virgin appeared before him, saying, "Fear not. Go you to Cartagena of the Indies, and on the first hill that you see from a distance, build me a church." Alonso set off at once, traveling on foot, crossing rivers and swamps, scaling mountains, and climbing down cliffs. One morning, he caught sight of a series of hills, and he asked an Indian woman the name of the highest. "La Galera," she answered.

Along with Bishop Juan de Labrada, to whom he revealed his mission, and other companions, Alonso climbed to the crest of La Popa, and found the hut where honor was paid to Buziraco. Despite the Indians' protests, the priest grabbed the goat Uri by the tail, dragged it to a precipice, and pushed it over. To this day, that cliff bears the name "Goat's Leap." And that is how the convent of Santa Cruz de la Popa was founded. ♦♦♦



Behind this imposing façade, colonial witch-hunters of the Inquisition held court



THIS MODERN AGE

IN THE MEXICO CITY DAILY *Excelsior* Alejandro Sux takes a long look at society today, strictly without benefit of rose-colored glasses:

"Nowadays we don't know when we are living in earnest and when we are playing a joke. . . . Frivolity is gaining ground even in the most austere minds because modern skeptics laugh at everything. The need to idealize life is finding superficial outlets as a result of the discredit into which the great idealisms that powered humanity before World War I have fallen. The press, for the most part, echoes this frivolity, as if bent on promoting stupidity among men and impudence among women. 'The public likes it,' is the excuse.

"Reading some of the current literature, I feel like an antiquated old fossil. . . . In moments of exasperation I accuse myself of being a romantic, which today is the same as an idiot. I decide to try to bring myself up to date by developing a passionate interest in boxing, bullfighting, baseball, Tarzan, Superman (we speak of the latter in English, just as the magazine is *Life* and not *Vida*, on the theory that it is time we Spanish Americans learned English), the color of neckties, the triangles of argyle socks, the direction of shirt stripes, the design of shoes, and the latest joke. If I could do this, my contemporaries could acknowledge me as a member of the family without embarrassment. . . .

"The wire services and the correspondents harp on all the new prob-

lems that are cropping up everywhere, and no one finds any solutions simply because no one feels capable of . . . operating on the fast-growing cancers from which modern society is suffering. The battle to the death between capitalism and communism . . . has been going on for twenty-five years. And what about the war in Korea? The nationalist aspirations in North Africa? The red-hot racial problem created by certain myopic leaders in South Africa? The revolutions of the Malay Peninsula? The Communist guerrillas in the Philippines? The progressive erosion of our planet? The atomic and hydrogen bombs? The threat of bacteriological warfare? . . .

"All these questions that the revolving presses serve up every day with a

variety of sauces to ruin our digestion and disturb our sleep were making a nervous wreck out of me and burying me in profound scientific, sociological, artistic, and economic dialectics.

"It's necessary to react," a doctor friend advised me. And I reacted.

"The truth is that most people don't care a fig about finding the answers to the innumerable questions that are raised by everyday existence. Nowadays readers get excited only about things and people that are in harmony with the banal spirit of our times—María Félix' marriages or divorces, whether or not her current husband has his eye on another movie actress, whether some U.S. beauty had a landscape painted on her back or a bird tattooed on her chest, whether certain singers wear socks instead of stockings, whether snakeskin ties are coming into fashion. . . .

"By the new standards the only people who stay young and interesting and share the limelight with movie, radio, and television stars, millionaires, and politicians are the criminals. The 'eighth art' immortalized by Thomas de Quincey in his essay *On Murder, Considered as one of the Fine Arts* continues to hold the public's attention and the place of honor in the newspapers. Not even the last war succeeded in filling man with loathing for animal violence and scientific slaughter.

"Although three continents were soaked with it, blood continues to fascinate the survivors. Is it possible that the satanical Darwin . . . was right? Is man nothing more than an

ENTRE DELINCUENTES

Por Rosehada



—¿Le entramos?

—No, mi hermano. Acuérdate que están reajustando la chucha en presidio. . . .

"Shall we go in?" one prospective thief asks the other. "No, my friend. Remember, they're cutting down on prison chow."—*Diario de la Marina, Havana*

evolved gorilla?

"My doctor friend, who has been reading over my shoulder, warns: 'Watch that backsliding! You are returning to transcendentalism. Don't you realize that you are exposing yourself to ridicule? Learn to dance the rumba and chew gum; take comfort in the undeniable advantages of free competition; enjoy the cultural entertainment offered by boxers, bullfighters, baseball players, runners, and bicyclists; give a careful reading to comic strips with a moral; forget your own language and subscribe to the publications put out in modern Spanish up north. Only in this way will you become a man of your century!'"

FATHER TAKES A BATH

A RECENT COLUMN by humorist Lukas in the Bogotá newsweekly *Semana* reads something like a Colombian version of *Life with Father*:

"Showers were unknown here twenty-five or thirty years ago. Some houses had bathtubs, but there was no running water. The tub was kept in a back room of the old Bogotá houses and was usually full of old newspapers, discarded pieces of furniture, and dilapidated hats. . . .

"There was great commotion the day the man of the house announced his intention of taking a bath. His wife issued contradictory orders, the servants got out the dippers and mops, and the children, intrigued by the preparations, ran back and forth between bathroom and kitchen, creating a tremendous hubbub. The father, that is to say the bather, was languid and silent. In that era taking a bath was as serious and decisive a step as submitting to an operation. No one knew how the project would end. The water was heated and carried to the tub in huge buckets. The lady of the house tested the temperature with her finger, then called in a distraught voice: 'Everything is ready, dear! May the wise and merciful Lord get you out of this all right!'

"At this point the man embraced his wife, gave his blessing to his children, and, nearly overcome with emotion, stammered: 'Don't worry. I have left everything in good order. The insurance policy is in the collar box in

the top drawer of my bureau. Now, take courage and bring me the soap.' With these words, he turned and strode manfully into the bathroom.

"A half hour later he emerged and hurried back to his bedroom so as not to catch cold. . . . They dressed him in flannel pajamas, an ample nightshirt, and a woolen cap, gave him some linden tea mixed with two fingers of brandy, and tucked him in his bed, which had been previously warmed with an iron. Finally, they drew the blinds and left the room, closing the door behind them. His wife peeked through the keyhole every five minutes and whispered to the servants, who in turn informed the rest of the family: 'Timoleón is breathing evenly. He looks relaxed. He's about to fall asleep—now he is asleep. Praise be!'

"Twenty-five or thirty years ago people were terrified of bathing, for to say bath was the same as to say pneumonia, and 99 per cent of pneumonia cases ended unfaillingly in death. The reader will conclude that in those days we were a primitive, superstitious, and backward people. Yet the same stage we were going through in 1920 is being experienced today by the most civilized countries of Europe. In France, in Italy, in England, there are two things that are glimpsed dimly from a distance: the shower bath and the dove of peace."

SHADES OF AN ANCIENT PEOPLE

THE CITY OF LASANA in Chile's Atacama Desert was old before the Incas built their empire, but its long-forgotten inhabitants recently won front-page coverage in *El Mercurio* of Santiago, under the by-line of Roberto Montandón:

"A cascade of stones spilling over the cliff, tumbling onto flat rooftops and terraces, splitting apart to make room for narrow lanes, bouncing off a retaining wall, and coming to rest at the Loa River to heighten the medieval bastions. . . . That is what the ruins of the ancient city of Lasana looked like.

"A strange pre-Columbian civilization, usually known as the Atacaman Culture, flourished in the oases of the Atacama Desert. Where did those *Atacameños* come from? Their language, older than the Aymaras', in-

dicates that they were living in northern Chile from neolithic times. Their culture reached its peak before the rise of the Incas.

"Archeological research, still incomplete, points to an expansion of these peoples toward Peru and the plateau region, possibly during the early Tiahuanaco period, and then a retreat during the ninth century A.D., under pressure from the developing Tiahuanaco Empire, back to their original territory in what is now Antofagasta Province. . . .

"The architectural prowess and the

¡Qué artista!...

por LANDEU



— Ya ha adquirido cuatro. En cuanto tenga treinta marineros piensa hacer una exposición.

"She's already accumulated four sailors, and when she has thirty she plans to hold an exhibition."—Continente, Buenos Aires

solitude of this desert civilization give it a strange fascination. Yet the *Atacameños* never reached the heights of the great Andean cultures; although they solved with no trouble structural problems such as doors, windows, and two-story houses, they never made even so simple a mathematical tool as the polished stone chipped at measured intervals. Their buildings belong to the Andean megalithic period, which was characterized by a realization of the dignity and beauty of stone, rhythm, and mass. Later the Tiahuanaco peoples and the Incas took the geometric patterns of this era and

transformed them into a classical, uniform, highly refined type of architecture.

"In the oases and broken ranges of the Atacama Desert, the *Atacameños* built at various times quite a number of villages and *pucaras* or fortress-cities: Peine, San Pedro de Atacama, Lasana, Turi, Ayquina, Caspana, Cupo, and others. The most formal concepts, the best of their efforts as builders, went into the construction of Lasana.

"The outstanding features of this city are the clever use of space and successive levels, the preoccupation with defense, and the logical layout. The absence of ornaments on the walls reveals the simplicity of the inhabitants' customs and beliefs. Lasana is a model of absolute functionalism in the modern sense. The style is in complete harmony with the medium; the practical takes precedence over the decorative.

"Because the *Atacameños*—potters, weavers, metal-workers, and builders—played an important part in the pre-Columbian history of the New World, Chile's Council on National Monuments ordered the restoration of Lasana. This involved removing enormous quantities of debris; reconstructing the walls, doors, and windows of scores of buildings; reestablishing the different levels; and cleaning out the irrigation systems in the surrounding fields.

"The work of faithfully reproducing the entire fortress-city with its surprisingly pleasing lines is now nearing completion. An important cultural legacy has been preserved for posterity."

THE AMAZON MYTH

WHOEVER carries around in the back of his mind a romantic picture of the Amazon Valley as an untapped source of ready wealth, with diamonds, emeralds, and all manner of precious metals just waiting to be picked up, should read what columnist Rosália Beatriz had to say in a recent issue of the Rio de Janeiro magazine *O Cruzeiro*:

"No Brazilian state is so shrouded in mystery as Amazonas, the legendary dwelling place of the gods. And even

though the fantastic tales about it have become less numerous, it is still a fabulous region to the people of southern Brazil.

"Travelers who fail to find in Amazonas what they have been led to expect feel cheated, and act as though the inhabitants of the area were to blame for the prevailing false notions of their life and customs. And when Amazonians visit other parts of the country, they are asked ridiculous questions. Here in Rio a naïve *carioca*

tute was functioning, a keener interest in the area was generated, and a number of well-intentioned people actually came to know what was truth and what was fiction about the valley.

"To anyone who has ever lived in Amazonas, one fact stands out conspicuously: the state's population lives in helpless isolation. Since the rubber boom, the area has been left to shift for itself, to fight its own battle and face its hardships alone as if it really were a distant, mysterious country. But for those who walk its paths and sail its rivers there are no mysteries—only a wild and virgin nature, a mixture of jungles and swamplands, a fountain of disease and exhaustion. They realize they cannot tame this hostile environment alone, and they plead for help—practical help, not just fancy talk.

"I don't know whether by creating special government departments to build up this tremendous Amazon region we can turn this wilderness of woods and water where people slowly die into something more like the much-dreamed-of granary of the world. But I do know that such an experiment would be worth trying.

"For a long time dedicated scientists have been studying the area at the cost of considerable personal sacrifice. I knew one of these myself—a German ethnologist who married an Indian girl and took her name: Niemuendaju. Among the men of science who preceded him were Paul le Cointe, La Condamine, and the great German naturalist Emile Inethlage. We can encourage more such investigations by giving financial aid to interested scientists and helping them unveil the so-called mysteries. Perhaps in this way we can end the tragedy of the lonely man who lives along the Amazon, a tiny speck lost in the immensity of the forest, and eventually manage to bring a more adequate population to the valley.

"Despite its swamps, Amazonas is largely a fertile farmland, a soil that must be cultivated like any other, and the state cannot survive forever on legends even though it may harbor in its bosom the *Muriquitá*—the lucky green stone of Indian mythology."



Finalidad * Por ARIAS BERNAL



—El filete? Nueva pesos kilo.
—Deme un kilo, pero arróllamele en la lista esa.
Posted list of ceiling prices puts tenderloin at 5.60 pesos a kilo, but storekeeper quotes it at nine. Customer says, "Give me a kilo, but wrap it in that list."—Excelsior, Mexico City

lady once asked an old Amazonian: "Is it true, sir, that in your state alligators crawl around in the streets?" "Yes, ma'am," he answered gravely, "alligators that emigrated from here."

"Absurd surprise is often provoked by [the inhabitants'] physical appearance alone). Right on Copacabana Beach I saw a doctor who was introduced to a blonde girl from Amazonas show open amazement at not seeing the bronze skin, slanting eyes, and smooth black hair he had thought were the universal characteristics of Amazonians.

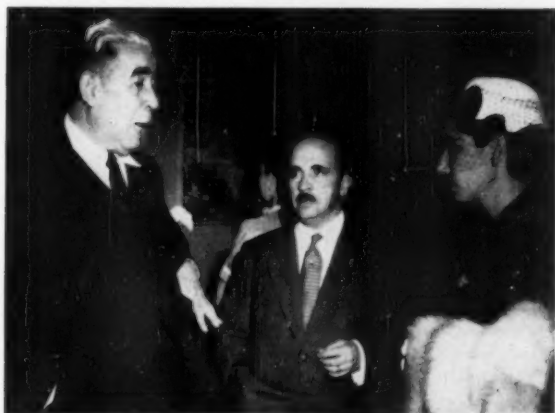
"When the Hylean Amazon Insti-

OAS

FOTO FLASHES



On March 23, the OAS Council held a special session, followed by a luncheon, in honor of the new U.S. Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles (left). At the table (on his left) are: the OAS Council Chairman, Ambassador René Léprevanche Parparcén of Venezuela, who made the welcoming address; Ambassador Héctor David Castro of El Salvador; and Ambassador Rafael Heliodoro Valle of Honduras. In profile (lower right corner) is Ambassador Luis Oscar Boettner of Paraguay, Vice Chairman of the OAS Council. Secretary Dulles reiterated the new administration's interest in Western Hemisphere affairs.



At the opening at the PAU of the first U.S. exhibition of the work of young Chilean artist Carlos Faz, Chilean Ambassador to the United States Aníbal Jara (left) discussed the paintings with Embassy Counselor Victor Vergara and Mrs. Vergara. Mr. Faz, who belongs to the new generation of Chilean artists, was born in Viña del Mar in 1931. After he studied at the School of Fine Arts there, his work was shown in Santiago. Last year, he won a scholarship from the Henry L. and Grace Doherty Charitable Foundation for study in the United States. He is now attending Atelier 17 in New York City and experimenting with engraving and printing techniques.



During a recent visit to the Pan American Union, labor leaders from Chile, Colombia, and Peru heard the OAS Secretary General (far end of table) explain the workings of the organization. On a country-wide tour at the invitation of the U.S. Labor Department under the Point Four program, the officials visited various divisions of the Union to discuss social, economic, and educational problems.

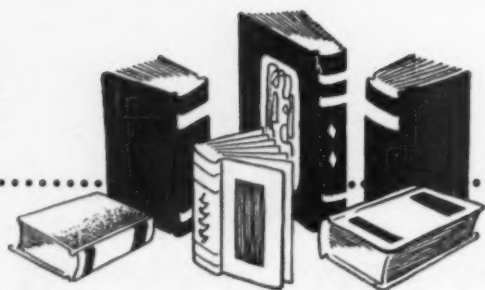


To welcome the wives of new Cabinet members to its weekly language classes the White House Spanish-Portuguese Study Group held a reception at the Pan American Union. On hand with Mrs. Clarence Norton Goodwin (right), who organized the project ten years ago, were (from left): Mrs. Alberto Lleras, wife of the OAS Secretary General; Mrs. Luis O. Boettner, of Paraguay, wife of the Vice-Chairman of the OAS Council; Mrs. René Léprevanche Parparcén of Venezuela, wife of the OAS Council Chairman; and Mrs. John Moors Cabot, whose husband is the U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs.

Under the sponsorship of the Brazilian Acting Representative on the OAS Council and Mrs. Azevedo Rodrigues, pianist Isabel Mourão recently gave a recital at the Pan American Union. A native of São Paulo, Miss Mourão made her concert debut at fifteen, and first appeared in the United States last year, playing at Town Hall in New York and at Jordan Hall, Boston. In 1946, she was the only prizewinner from the Western Hemisphere in the Marguerite Long-Jacques Thibaud International Competition in Paris. For her Washington recital, she chose selections from both European and contemporary Brazilian composers.



BOOKS



THE EPIC OF PORTUGAL

CAMOENS was as great an artist as the Renaissance produced, and interest in art is perennial. But this alone will not explain why Camoens continues to be read in English translation while his fellow masters of the *ottava rima*, Ariosto and Tasso, are more neglected. His claim upon the contemporary reader must be, in a real measure, the appeal of the subject of his poem, *The Lusiads*. Camoens appeared during the springtime of modern history, at a moment when Europe not only became aware of its larger responsibilities but also assumed them gladly. Behind the camouflage of his conceits, he captured in his verse the very forces that gave our times, in their initial burst of creativity, direction and justification. He did not speak, as did Ariosto, of a chivalry that was past, or, as did Tasso, of an unredeemed Holy Land when the spirit of the Crusades was already dead. Camoens looked to his present, and in so doing projected himself into our present, for the past that he now represents is still part and parcel of our own times. During a brilliant moment of history, when the West was entering upon its modern phase, the Portuguese spirit was identified with the universal spirit, and it was because the universal values Camoens expressed are meaningful today—quite apart from the artistic excellence of his verse—that he is still read abroad. A new English translation, by William C. Atkinson, is now available.

Camoens' poem, first published in Lisbon in 1572, is, as Mr. Atkinson says in his introduction, "the national epic of Portugal." It is "the story of a people—numbering then perhaps a million and a quarter—who in the space of a century and a quarter spread over the waters of the globe, carried their flag and their faith from Brazil to Japan, and established not merely an empire but a new conception of empire based on mastery of the ocean routes." (In the seventeenth century, Father António Vieira expressed it more poignantly: "God gave the Portuguese," he said, "a small country as cradle but all the world as their grave.") The Portuguese "left the world as seen from Europe a very different place, and the whole course of subsequent history bears the imprint." Yet *The Lusiads* is not simply a "narrative of that achievement: it is also an interpretation of the underlying greatness of those who achieved it, and as such the best possible introduction to Portugal and the Portuguese." To us today "the poem lives, and deserves to live, if only as a magnificent narrative—based strictly on fact, bearing on every page the authentic touch of one who has himself lived intensely all he writes of, suffused withal with a poet's imagination—of one of the

most impressive chapters in the record of human endeavor." For indeed what Camoens described at the dawn of the modern age, what he clothed with the delicacy of his fantasy, was the Faith and Empire that have been, since the end of the Middle Ages, now separately, now together, the touchstone of Western civilization.

If, as Mr. Atkinson suggests, the theme of the poem was meat for a poet of epic perceptions, Camoens was well equipped, as an artist and as a man, to put down on paper the story he had to tell. Camoens was "a representative product of his age and nation; in *The Lusiads* he wrote an epic at once vibrant with patriotic pride and instinct with experience and emotion; and, if not indeed from the cradle, from early manhood to the grave he knew in fullest measure the buffetings that fortune is reputed to heap with predilection on poetic genius." Camoens took the name for his poem from Lusus, the companion of Bacchus and the mythical first



Luiz Vaz de Camoens,
author of sixteenth-century
Portuguese epic
The Lusiads

settler of Portugal. This was a logical choice for a poet whose theme was "the epic exaltation of a whole race of heroes," his own people, whose achievements, to his mind, were "incomparably greater than the heroic themes of antiquity." In ten cantos, Camoens dwelt upon his country's past and its present. It is true that Vasco da Gama's voyage to India is "the artistic fulcrum of the poem," the thread that runs through it, giving it unity, but Vasco da Gama is used primarily as a literary device. He is the hero of the poem only in so far as he incarnates the whole Portuguese people. By this means "the whole of the Portuguese record at home and overseas is made to hinge on the central theme, and it becomes at once clear why *The Lusiads* is esteemed,

and not only in Portugal, first as a poem, but also as an initiation into the entire history, polity, and character of the Portuguese."

Mr. Atkinson's translation, the latest to be published in English, is the second in that language since Sir Richard Burton published his in 1870. But while Burton was slavishly faithful to the Portuguese text—to the point of being pedantic—and while Leonard Bacon, whose excellent translation appeared in New York in 1950, used a poetic style reminiscent of Spenser to suggest the flavor of the original, Mr. Atkinson concerned himself, to use his own words, "with the substance, not the form of the original." And since, in his opinion, a prose form for a translation of a largely narrative poem of this kind is best calculated to appeal to the modern reader—whose predilections in this matter a translator must properly bear in mind—he translated Camoens not in verse, but in prose.

Mr. Atkinson's translation is a masterpiece of its kind. In this prose dress, Camoens may well enjoy a new vogue, and he will certainly reach an audience nobody would have thought possible. Mr. Atkinson has produced a remarkably engaging narrative without sacrificing the flavor of Camoens' verse. His prose is often rhythmical and always elegant. The divinities of the classical empyrean are there, as Camoens had them, but they stand shorn of the conventions with which the poet clothed them. Mr. Atkinson felt, and I feel with him, that the "convention of poetic allusion that was the fashion of an age now dead and gone" could properly be eliminated without disturbing either the poet's story or his thought. The translator, if he is worth his salt, "must translate not merely from Portuguese into English, but from the idiom of the sixteenth into that of the twentieth century." Thus, while a more literal translation, such as Mr. Bacon's, gives the date of the departure of Vasco da Gama's fleet from Lisbon in these words:

'Twas the season when the Eterna Light of Day
Through fierce Nemea's beast his course would run,
And this world, which with time consumes away,
Sickly and slow, through its sixth age went on,
Having counted, as the custom is to say,
Some fourteen hundred circles of the sun,
And ninety-seven, in which last, incomplete,
The sun wheeled, when to sea put forth the fleet

Mr. Atkinson translates the entire stanza in a brief sentence: "It was 8 July 1497." The great lyric moments of the poem, on the other hand, do not come off so well. The translator who dared to give us Camoens in prose for the first time in English might well have carried his spirit of innovation a bit further by giving us the story of Inês de Castro, for example, in verse. The mixture of prose and verse in a work of art is not common in the history of literature, but it has been done occasionally, and could, I think, have been done here profitably.

But this clearly is no reflection on the translation, which, as it now stands, is a superb piece of work. Thanks to Mr. Atkinson, no intelligent man will any longer fail to understand why *The Lusiads*, the secular Bible, so to speak, of all the peoples of Portuguese

speech, has been considered one of the great artistic achievements of modern times. Nor will he fail to appreciate the message that Camoens still has for our own day, or, having read him, the words Leonard Bacon dedicated to the poet in 1951:

Have I done with Camoens?—Is he done with me?
Although, like Fanshawe and the rest, I failed
To shadow for the splendor that once sailed
Across the new-discovered "Secret Sea,"
Yet the game was worth the candle, Liberty
Lived on the page. And what a flag he nailed
To the masthead of the Soul! Brave thought, not staled
By cant, but fit to keep republics free.
The one-eyed wanderer, whose clear, lovely mind
Puzzles sophistication, holds the clue
To labyrinths we all must blunder through,
Sophisticates or not, and still whets bright
The honor and the conscience of mankind.

—Manoel Cardozo

THE LUSIADS, by Luiz Vaz de Camoens. Translated by William C. Atkinson. Baltimore, Penguin Books, 1952. 249 p. \$.65

PHANTASMAGORIA IN YELLOW ANDANTE

In 1942 *Juyungo* was chosen Ecuador's best novel of the year. This powerful documentary on Negro life in the Esmeraldas region placed Adalberto Ortiz alongside writers like Peru's Ciro Alegria, Richard Wright of the United States, and the Brazilian Jorge Amado, whose novels also cry out against social injustices in America. The young Ecuadorean went on to write several volumes of *negrista* poetry, and in 1945 his long short story entitled "*Los Contrabandistas*" (The Smugglers) was published in Mexico.

Now called "*La Mala Espalda*" (Bad Luck), this same long short story, or short novel, is the title piece of Adalberto Ortiz' most recent work. Its plot is simple: During one of their gold-smuggling expeditions between Colombia and Ecuador, the Semisterra brothers and their passengers run into trouble. In the struggle for survival, the weak perish and the strong manage to return to their small fishing village, where life goes on almost unchanged.

To tell this dramatic tale of the destruction of a family, the author gets close to reality, turning a sharply focused lens on his characters and their action. Here, as in most of the eleven stories in the collection, Mr. Ortiz shows that he understands the people he grew up with—their customs, their speech, and their superstitions—and he brings them convincingly to life. Race consciousness, which runs like a thread throughout his writing, does not fail to appear in these stories also. In one of the most poignant scenes, a Negro mother urges her daughter to marry her French suitor, in order to improve the race. "Life's battle is half won," she points out sadly, "if you're born white."

Whenever the landscape of tropical Ecuador is described, it is with the same lyrical realism that gives *Juyungo* its telluric quality. Yet, while in the novel the Esmeraldas River and jungle are so important that they seem to vie with the protagonist for first place, nature plays a secondary, contrapuntal role in these stories.

In "Mis Prisioneros" (My Prisoners), for example, nature serves to mirror the action of the story: "I glanced up at the sky and a star winked at me, as if to mock my anguish and despair."

Man is Mr. Ortiz' chief concern—man driven by fears, hatred, jealousy, lust, and ambition. As if to underline his intention of stripping his characters to their elemental passions, the author places four of them on an island where, as nudists, they set out to destroy each other. This story, "El Extraño Navegante" (The Eccentric Sailor), is a kind of *tour de force*, for the author, adopting the wry, arch ending so popular in current fiction,



Enrique Tábara illustration from Adalberto Ortiz' *La Mala Espalda*

has himself murdered at the end. Buried in the sand, he insists, "I was dead. Really dead."

Reality, abandoned now and then in several stories, is finally completely destroyed. "El Puente Hacia el Vacío; Relato Fantasmal en Amarillo Andante" (The Bridge Leading to Nowhere; a Phantasmagoria in Yellow Andante) describes the harrowing experience of a man who finds himself in a city that, within moments, has become devoid of life.

To achieve the effect of total incoherence, the author introduces a series of surrealistic elements: a train, with lights on but neither conductor nor passengers aboard, rumbles through a subway station; a sleek black car, minus chauffeur and rear wheels, drives up to the protagonist as he stands beside an orange-colored highway; and the ghosts of Roosevelt, Hitler, and Mussolini get together for a conference.

Although somewhat derivative, the literary style of "The Bridge Leading to Nowhere" is forceful and compelling. Mr. Ortiz skillfully uses Joyce's stream-of-consciousness technique in several passages in which the protagonist experiences waves of indescribable feelings produced, in his words, by "an overflowing subconscious." He seems, too, to have assimilated elements of Kafka's style, for, like the harassed characters in *The Trial* and *The Castle*, the protagonist in this story flounders in a world where events defy the logic of everyday happenings. Mr. Ortiz' cry, "I shouted at the top of my lungs, but only a useless echo came to my aid," is the poet's wail of anguish as he faces the disintegration

of contemporary society.

This short story may be a chapter in a novel that Mr. Ortiz is writing. If so, it will be interesting to see how far into nowhere his bridge leads him.—Bernice D. Matlowsky

LA MALA ESPALDA, ONCE RELATOS DE AQUÍ Y DE ALLÁ, by Adalberto Ortiz. Illustrations by Enrique Tábara, Diógenes Paredes, and Albistur. Guayaquil, Casa de la Cultura Ecuatoriana, 1952. 161 p. 20 Ecuadorean sucres

BIOGRAPHY OF AN ARGENTINE

SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH in 1949, Allison Williams Bunkley delivered the manuscript of *The Life of Sarmiento* to his publishers. The final editing was confided to Enrique Anderson Imbert and Miriam Brokaw, who made only a few changes in detail.

Bunkley went to Argentina in 1946 on a State Department grant to continue his studies on Domingo Faustino Sarmiento, which he had begun in 1944. He did research not only in Argentina, but also in Chile, Uruguay, and Paraguay. His material was abundant and good, as witness the bibliography of his book. Even that does not list all his sources, and he had the privilege of reading original documents that had not been available to many earlier investigators. In 1949 he made another trip on a scholarship from Princeton University. He examined more than fifteen thousand unpublished letters, studied most of the published works on Sarmiento's life and times, and read all his writings. To this documentation must be added his conversations with Argentine Sarmiento enthusiasts, whose influence is perceptible.

Two chapters on the Hispanic world and men of the nineteenth century, on colonial domination, and on the beginning of independence precede the biography proper. The interest of the book begins with the third chapter, with the life of Sarmiento and his family in San Juan, where he was born in 1811. San Juan is a border province separated from Chile by the Andes. This proximity enabled the Argentine to flee to Chile whenever his life or freedom was in danger.

In well-documented chapters, Bunkley unfolds the life of Sarmiento—as a journalist, militant politician, educator, writer, statesman, government leader (he was president from 1868 to 1874). He was the greatest Argentine writer, and one of the greatest American writers, of his time. His book *Facundo*, describing the struggle between civilization and barbarism, gave him his high standing; *Recuerdos de Provincia* (Provincial Memories) is surely his most beautiful. His work as an educator was the ruling passion of his life; in its conception, its execution, and its permanence it has had no equal in America. He died in 1883 in Asunción, where he had gone, broken in health, in search of rest and a good climate.

Throughout his life he fought the dictatorships that plagued Argentina, especially that of Juan Manuel de Rosas. The so-called *caudillismo* was a kind of dictatorship. Sarmiento summed up his battle against *caudillismo* in a single sentence: "All the *caudillos* bear my mark"—that is, the mark of his chastisement.

Sarmiento traveled in Europe and in the United States.



Sarmiento as an army recruit in 1852. From Bunkley's biography

The latter was his great discovery; he saw in it the model of a modern nation, and its vitality and enterprising spirit captivated him. To the most progressive men of the Argentine independence movement and of the organization period, France was the guiding light. Sarmiento was the first Argentine to call his compatriots' attention to the social, economic, and political progress taking place before his astonished eyes in the northern republic.

All that can be said of Sarmiento as a historical figure is said in this book, and although it contains nothing that reveals him to us in a different light from the one in which everyone, including his worst enemies, has seen him up to now, it may be read with interest even by an Argentine familiar with the life of Sarmiento.

Bunkley also analyzes his social achievements:

Sarmiento thought that he could "transform the gaucho." He thought that education, new economic institutions, and a little new blood would change the Argentinean . . . into a peaceful citizen living within a framework of law and order. . . . He instituted his government to transform the gaucho, but many elements of his governing reveal a gaucho intent. . . . He did not see that it was impossible to transform the gaucho overnight. Even if you put him in a school, gave him prosperity, mixed him with immigrants from Europe, he would still be a gaucho in different surroundings. What Sarmiento was fighting was something that could be changed only over a long period of time. He expected to spend six years in the presidency and leave his nation transformed. There was an element of magic in Sarmiento's method. The magic words (education, immigration, etc.) would be pronounced, and presto! the pumpkin would be turned into a carriage—the gaucho would be turned into a citizen, the Argentinean would be turned into a twin of his North American brother.

Sarmiento did not claim this. When he attacked the "gaucho" (the man outside law and order, quarrelsome

and ignorant, who lived on the outskirts of the city and in the country, and who has been idealized in literature), he was attacking backwardness, ignorance, lawlessness. He wanted to transform these conditions, not necessarily the gaucho; he wanted a prosperous nation of citizens, not a backward country dominated by *caudillismo* and mob rule. If he had had a "gaucho intent" he would not have been above all else an educator, for an educator is a man who waits patiently for results, though he works impatiently; he labored hard in the present, but (without being a utopian) hoped for more from the future. Bunkley's interpretation has the weakness of combining Sarmiento the politician and Sarmiento the builder—the one who had to win over the people with the one who had to do the work—but this does not minimize the author's good intentions.

He also points out the positive and negative aspects of Sarmiento—his supreme clarity as to what had to be torn down, his initial indecisiveness as to what had to be built. His evaluation is correct; but the elements Sarmiento had to work with should be taken into account: a backward and anarchic nation, an illiterate population, a tiny company of enlightened men, a self-educated man himself. The astonishing thing is how he put to use the few advantages he had. He had in his favor the beginning of the rise of the bourgeoisie, which he used to govern with; at the same time he fostered the development of a middle class of government workers, teachers, and so on; these formed the social and political basis of his administration. Bunkley says that "Sarmiento initiated a period of bourgeois domination in Argentina" and that "his presidency marks the advent of the middle and landowning classes." This is true in regard to the middle and bourgeois class; it is wrong in regard to the landholding class. This class already existed—it had expanded and become entrenched with Rosas. Actually, all of Argentine history is full of landholders.

Bunkley studied Sarmiento and wrote about him at a time when his figure was reentering the ideological and political arena. His biography keeps in view the documents of the past, but is colored in part by the present. It is a useful book for our days, when once again we are debating problems that are not only of yesterday or of one country, but spring from and concern all America.

—Luis Reissig

THE LIFE OF SARMIENTO, by Allison Williams Bunkley. Princeton, Princeton University Press, 1952. 566 p. Illus. \$7.50



R. Portocarrero
(Cuba)

EMBASSY ROW

Manuel Frontaura Argandoña, Bolivian Ambassador to the OAS, shown with his wife and their daughter Amalia Gloria Diana, has held diplomatic posts in Berlin, Paris, and Rome. He came to Washington in January.



Ambassador Frontaura, a journalist for thirty years, was assistant director of *El Diario* of La Paz, and during his term as senator sponsored a law providing pensions for retired newspapermen. The author of two novels and a prizewinning biography of President Linares, he is now at work on another book. Photograph on mantle is of Bolivian President Paz Estenssoro.



Eighteen-year-old Amalia intends to study journalism and follow in her father's footsteps.



Vivacious Mrs. Frontaura copies and edits her husband's manuscripts. An ardent traveler, she collects objects typical of the countries she visits. She likes to grow flowers, and has ambitious plans for the embassy garden.



Amalia in front of the embassy on upper Sixteenth Street. She has studied piano and is now learning to play the organ.

it's the talk in . . .

La Paz

A special committee of technicians and jurists, headed by Bolivia's Vice President, Dr. Hernán Siles Zuazo, has been appointed to study plans for agrarian reform. As announced by President Paz Estenssoro, the group will report its scientific conclusions on the problem to the government within four months. This will serve as a basis for action to carry forward the reform, which is destined to make a major change in the country's economy and rural life. . . .

The Technical University of Oruro, ably directed by rector Felipe Iniguez, publishes three valuable magazines: the journals of the law school and the faculty of economics and finance, and the *Revista Económica*. These publications carry serious studies by experts on such subjects as nationalization of the mines, agrarian reform, and other legal, economic, and social questions, analyzing the Bolivian scene from a discerning and scientific point of view. Address: Universidad Técnica de Oruro, Oruro, Bolivia. . . .

Young painters are flourishing in Bolivia. The modernist trend was evident in the recent highly successful exhibitions of the work of María Luisa de Pacheco and María Esther Ballivián. A showing of abstract painting by Armando Pacheco, Jorge Carrasco, María Luisa de Pacheco, Raúl Calderón Soria, and other new artists also attracted considerable attention. Many people criticized their "imitation" of the Western decadent school. Others maintained that the raising of esthetic issues was worth while in itself. . . .

The Cultura Boliviana collection, directed by Armando Alba in Potosí, has just published a handsome edition of Pedro Vicente Cañete's guide to the province of Potosí, first issued in 1787, a masterly picture of life in the celebrated imperial city at the end of the eighteenth century. The Aguilar publishing firm in Spain is preparing an edition of the complete works of the controversial Bolivian historian and sociologist Alcides Arguedas, while a new edition of the complete works of Gabriel René Moreno, the scholar who earned the title "prince of our national literature," will soon be published in Potosí. . . .

Everyone was saddened by the recent death of Dr. Carlos Montenegro, former Bolivian Ambassador to Chile. He was one of the leaders of the present government party and a brilliant writer, specializing in political and sociological subjects. His book *Nacionalismo y Coloniaje* will be republished by the municipal government of La Paz. . . .

A special session of the Bolivian Academy of the Language was held in La Paz to welcome Luis Taborga of Cochabamba as a member. The well-known author of many literary and critical works, he is regarded as one of our finest writers. . . .

The La Paz municipal government intends to finish the monumental Casa de la Cultura building this year, thus providing space for several literary and scientific organizations. It should be a strong stimulus to literature and the arts.—*Fernando Díez de Medina*

Buenos Aires

One of the main topics of conversation this summer was mountain-climbing. Five different groups tried to scale Aconcagua, making plenty of commotion at Plaza de Mulas, the resort perched 13,700 feet above sea-level. One group was composed of five Japanese professors from the University of Waseda, headed by their Dean, Yoshiro Selkino; they were accompanied by five Argentines headed by Major Ugarte. A second was directed by Father Torres, who intended to say a Mass for world peace on

top, which was to be broadcast. When they were nearing the top, however, strong winds and a temperature of 22 degrees below zero forced them to return. Still another group had been organized in Brazil by Panair do Brasil Airlines and the Rio newspaper *O Globo*. The two other groups were Argentine; one plans to tackle Mount Everest and the other, made up of nine officers, set the record of two hours and forty-five minutes' stay on top of Aconcagua.

Another recent mountain-climbing feat was the ascent of the highest peak in Patagonia, San Valentín (13,390 feet); the climb is particularly difficult because of the glaciers that cover its slopes and the constant storms. Previous expeditions had failed; the eight people in the winning group, with the help of the Club Andino de Bariloche, started from the Chilean port of Aysén, crossed the fjord, went down to the foot of San Rafael glacier, and, on the eighteenth of December, when they were beginning to think the weather would lick them, arrived at the top. . . .

As elsewhere in the Hemisphere, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Cuba's national hero, José Martí, was enthusiastically celebrated. Buenos Aires named a plaza after him. Speakers at the ceremony included the mayor of Buenos Aires and Cuba's Ambassador, Dr. Néstor Carbonel. A project has been submitted to the Chamber of Deputies for building a statue to Martí on the plaza. . . .

During the [Argentine] summer the professional theater was inactive, but there has been considerable activity among the so-called independent or "vocational" groups, whose efforts, if not always successful, are promising and worth encouraging. Under the auspices of the Dirección General de Cultura a contest was held in February and March among nonprofessional theater groups at the Cervantes National Theater. More than twenty groups took part, from all the provinces and some territories, including the military zone of Tierra del Fuego. All types of plays, from Greek tragedy to native comedy, were presented. Some of the best performances were the old *costumbrista* comedies. . . .

People were saddened by the death of Luis Macaya, Catalanian artist who had lived in Buenos Aires since 1910. Born in Barcelona in 1888, he began his studies modestly while earning his living at various jobs. He came to Buenos Aires after living in the Latin Quarter in Paris, where he had met some Argentines. The magazine *Caras y Caretas* and *La Nación* published many of his drawings. . . .

A convention was signed recently between Argentina and France providing for reciprocal exhibitions of documentary films and newsreels, aside from exchange of other pictures and the supply of celluloid by France. Soon afterward a delegation of French movie stars and producers paid a visit to Argentina, among them Jean-Pierre Aumont and Cecile Aubry, the young heroine of *Manon*. . . .

Speed-loving Argentines have had their share of disaster this summer: the highways leading to the two main tourist centers, Mar del Plata and the highlands of Córdoba, were sprinkled with overturned or smashed cars. A bus and a truck collided—six people were killed and fourteen hurt; a train hit a car—six victims; a few days later, in the same type of accident, several others were killed. In Buenos Aires, a bus overturned and burned, killing seventeen people. At Comodoro Rivadavia, a motorized coach bringing families back from the beach jumped the tracks because of excessive speed, killing twenty-five people and injuring fifty-seven.—*Roberto F. Giusti*

Santiago del Estero, capital of the province of the same name, is about to celebrate its four-hundredth birthday. One of the official acts will be a historical congress. Studies and papers will be presented on the region during the Conquest; its dis-

(Continued on page 43)

TO PROTECT OUR MEAT SUPPLY

(Continued from page 5)

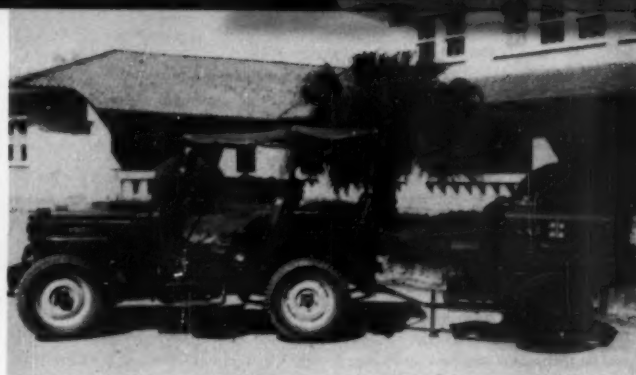
tation entering the area from zones of infection must be thoroughly inspected and disinfected, and emergency teams of trained technicians must be kept ready to isolate a focus of infection as soon as it appears.

A second and theoretically much simpler method seems—and we should stress the word “seems”—to lie in the use of mass vaccination. But the present method of producing vaccine requires the slaughter of purposely infected cattle to obtain the thriving virus from their mouths and tongues, and there are not enough unexposed animals in the world to yield sufficient vaccine for such a program without ruining the livestock industry. The scope of the problem is illustrated by statistics of the recent successful campaign against foot-and-mouth disease in Mexico. In order to vaccinate the seventeen million animals within the quarantine area four separate times at four-month intervals, some two hundred thousand unexposed cattle were needed to produce the sixty-three million doses of vaccine. Fortunately, only one of the three types of virus was found in Mexico. If all three had been involved, six hundred thousand animals would have been required. Obviously, continued mass vaccination of all animals would be impossible under present methods of vaccine production, since the supply of susceptible animals would be exhausted in short order.

But the situation may not be so completely hopeless as all that. At present two roads lie open for a possible future increase in vaccine production. One is by the method of tissue culture developed by Dr. Frenkel of Holland. The other, under investigation at the Center, is by adapting the virus to other kinds of animals, so that cattle need not be used as the source of vaccine.

There is reason to believe that it will be possible to produce high-strength virus in the future in suckling rabbits, chick embryos, or other normally non-susceptible animals by special techniques. If this proves feasible and the immunizing structures remain unchanged, virus produced by this method may be used to increase vaccine output. These problems are under study as part of the Center's current research program.

Many countries have been disappointed with the results of vaccination. But it should be emphasized that, while the present types of foot-and-mouth-disease vaccines are far from being as effective as they might be, many other factors enter into the so-called “breaks” that occur after vaccination. There are many different strains of each type of the virus, and a vaccine made from one group may offer no protection against other strains, even of the same general type. For example, in the Ameca district of Mexico, animals that had been vaccinated three times with the usual vaccine produced by the Mexican-U.S. Commission suddenly began to come down with the disease. The virus isolated from these animals proved to be of the same type as the rest of the Mexican virus, but the strains used in the vaccine did not work against the Ameca strain. Therefore, before starting an immunization program, a thorough study of the particular strains found in a given area should be made to determine



Jeep pulls field disinfectant tank and pump. Virus security must be maintained at all times throughout Center area



Foot-and-mouth-disease lesion opened the way for serious secondary infection of cow's hoof



Animal suffering painful foot-and-mouth disease has lost half of tongue's surface tissue

Inspecting cattle in final stage of successful fight against foot-and-mouth disease in Mexico in 1950



whether or not a vaccine will be effective against them.

Another frequent cause of unsuccessful vaccination is improper handling of vaccine in the field. It is imperative that it be kept under refrigeration at all times. This is too often not the case, especially in areas where adequate transportation is practically nonexistent. There have been instances in which vaccine was distributed to lay people, who stuffed it in a coat pocket or under a poncho and then rode four or five days through a steaming jungle before applying it. Under such conditions it cannot be of any value.

The vaccine used in Mexico was refrigerated at every stage until it was finally injected into the animal. This required big refrigerator rooms at the production center, mobile refrigerators, and occasionally portable ice chests strapped to the backs of mules to carry the vaccine to isolated areas. That such costly and difficult methods had to be used shows the crying need for intensive work to perfect a vaccine that will remain effective under extreme heat or cold. The Center is attacking this problem vigorously.

Innumerable questions still remain unanswered in the field of foot-and-mouth disease. They range from what is the most effective type of legislation for enforcing anti-aftosa campaign measures to the determination of the components of this extremely minute particle of matter—the virus—that causes such havoc in the world's animal population.

The Center's staff is small but truly international—present members hail from the United States, Brazil, Mexico, Argentina, the United Kingdom, Spain, and Hungary. And they are not disheartened by the challenge posed by this gigantic undertaking. Indeed, the enthusiasm shown by both professional and administrative personnel speaks well for the ultimate solution of at least some of the problems. It's as if an anti-aftosa virus had entered their own bloodstreams. ♦ ♦ ♦

IT'S THE TALK IN . . .

(Continued from page 41)

covery and colonization; the work and influence of the Church; the development of the arts and sciences; and the archeology, anthropology, ethnography, linguistics, and folklore of the area. They can be submitted any time up to July 31. . . .

A social-security measure has been planned to benefit former prisoners by recognizing for pension purposes the work performed in prison. When certified by the jail authorities, that service can be added to the individual's working record in free society. This praiseworthy step was explained at the First Brazilian Penitentiary Congress by delegate Roberto Pettinato, director of Argentine penal institutions. . . .

The newly built ultra-modern municipal autodrome called "17th of October" has given Buenos Aires the opportunity to see such internationally known drivers as the world champion, Alberto Ascari, and Fangio, Villoresi, Farina, José F. González, Hawthorn, Manzon, and Brown. On opening day the carelessness of the public swarming out on the track during a race caused a terrible accident, but it is hoped that the toll of ten dead and thirty-two injured will be a restraining factor in the future.—Enzo Aloisi

MAN WITH A HAMMER

(Continued from page 8)

real native-born Americans." But, feeling like Phileas Fogg outward bound, an emotion heightened by the long trousers and his new-found independence, he loafed around spending his money. "I would buy a dinner for fifty cents, and leave a dime tip," he recalls. People borrowed money from him and didn't pay him back. When it ran out, he wrote home for more. When it came, he spent it.

Eventually, with his suit worn threadbare and his stomach empty, Rebajes was forced to look for a job. Hired as a messenger boy and cleaner by Lucas and Kanarian, commercial photographers, he went to work. Although he had learned to speak English from a St. Thomas Negress in the Dominican Republic, he mixed up the addresses given him for deliveries. Noting the annoyance this caused his employers, he was too shy to ask for his salary on paydays. When he swiped some candy the firm kept on hand for its models, and was caught in the act, he was summarily fired. In his next job, as delivery boy for a grocer, Rebajes had practically the same experience except that his boss' trade offered a wider variety of plunder. The jig was up when too many complaints of missing eggs and vegetables clearly implicated him.

From not inconsiderable means and plenty of leisure, he was reduced to penury. But as things turned out, it was the best thing that could have happened.

After the grocer episode, there followed a period of no work. In the late twenties Rebajes went to live in Harlem. There he roamed the streets with a gang of intellectuals, a group whose ends were as high as their means were low. While they clothed themselves by stealing shirts and socks from tenement clotheslines, they spent their days in vigorous intellectual discussions, dissecting Apollinaire, Poe, Swinburne, and Whitman. Mob headquarters was the main branch of the New York Public Library, where they read all the books they could. At night they slept on Harlem rooftops. In winter, they selected penthouse doorways where sufficient heat rose to warm them. They wrote poetry, and earned a little money at odd jobs.

Rebajes was one of the gang's main sources of food. He had eventually found work as a busboy in small cafés, and graduated to big cafeterias like Silver's and the Automat. At the opening of the latter's Broadway and Thirty-eighth Street store, he was appointed to the dignity of "salad man," in complete charge of arranging a certain portion of the counter for soup, salad, and dessert. Even with so much food around, however, the days were lean and hungry for him and his friends. Together he and the gang worked out some ingenious tricks with the Automat system to solve their food problems. By now, everybody called him Frank, the name he likes best today.

It took marriage to change the pattern of Rebajes' life. He met his wife, the former Pauline Schwartz, at a Greenwich Village party during the darkest days of the depression. It was love at first sight, and they had a whirlwind courtship. Her family objected. "They thought

I wasn't any good," smiles Frank. "I could hardly blame them. I lived like a bum." Despite the low ebb of their fortunes, Pauline decided to marry him. At City Hall, the civil authorities delayed the ceremony until they could produce witnesses. Leaving Pauline waiting on a bench there, Rebajes hurried up to Harlem to look for some of the gang. Prowling the streets, he came upon a pair who were broke, but consented to stand up for him when Rebajes agreed to pay their subway fare down to City Hall and back.

On the Rebajeses' wedding night, with no place to go and no money to pay for a room, they rode the Coney Island local until dawn. Then, in desperation, Frank sought out Julio Avendaño, a Peruvian friend, who generously agreed to take them in. An electrical engineer whose hobby was woodworking, the South American kept a number of tools in the basement of his Greenwich Village apartment. For the next two months, while he and Pauline were at loose ends, Frank struggled to find a steady job. He wandered in the street, picked up tin cans, and, for want of something to do, cut them up, pounded them, and modeled them with Avendaño's tools. His first creation was a horse. His host urged him to go ahead. Soon Rebajes had a zoo, which he displayed on an old ironing board at the annual sidewalk art exhibit in Washington Square the following spring. Among the spectators was the late Mrs. Juliana Force of the Whitney Museum of American Art, who bought his entire collection for thirty dollars.

On the proceeds, Rebajes rented a roofed-over passageway between two buildings on Fourth Street in the Village. It had a toilet and wash basin in back, and a little window. "I settled down there with Pauline," he laughs in recollection. "We didn't have enough money for a bed, so we piled newspapers on the floor and slept on them."

The first day in their new home, Frank used a piece of stone for an anvil. On it he pounded a piece of aluminum into an ashtray, which he immediately sold for thirty-five cents. He made more, and created new objects in the forms of animals and fish. His first customers were Village intellectuals who knew good art when they saw it, and who appreciated the value of a well-made object with originality and imagination. They spread the word to others. Soon *The Latin Quarter-ly*, whose editors were literary lights like Sherwood Anderson, was writing: "No . . . visitor should fail to visit Francisco Rebajes in his wee shop. . . . There, indeed, one can get a definitely made-by-an-artist-in-and-of-the-Village-souvenir. . . ." A year later, in 1934, Frank had earned enough money to rent the store next door. He started using copper, and began the extraordinary collection of hammers and tools essential to the originality of his creations. Soon he was able to buy another store, hire an employee or two of his own, install machines. Like the hero of Alger's *Slow and Sure*, he had moved from the street to the shop. While he still has a store on Fourth Street, Frank's business expanded so rapidly that he was able to move to Fifth Avenue over ten years ago.

Besides building a successful career for himself, Rebajes has been instrumental in helping other craftsmen. He is directly responsible for centering the metal crafts industry along Fourth Street today. A firm believer in the small businessman, Frank says: "A craftsman should manufacture his products and sell them himself." Soon after his first success in metal work, he became associated with other artisans. As his fame grew, he urged them to break free from the large manufacturers and strike out for themselves. As a result, many set up their shops in the area from Sheridan Square to New

Rebajes borrowed this horse motif from a painting (below) by his good friend, Cuban artist Mario Carreño



York University, where, prior to Rebajes, there had been no artisans at all.

Of medium height (five feet eight), Rebajes weighs 150 pounds. He has a large shock of black hair, a black mustache, and clear gray eyes. He uses expansive gestures as he talks, employing one typical of the Dominican Republic (a motion of the cupped hand as if it held dice about to be rolled). A neat and conservative dresser, he looks like a man of distinction. He wears loafers around the house, and shoes that stress the naturalness of their leather. In overalls, on the other hand, he occasionally looks so disreputable that he receives handouts from sympathetic passersby. He contributes their offerings to the truly needy, who, noting his appearance, are reluctant to take it.

From an office over the Fifth Avenue store, he and Pauline together run the business, which now employs sixty-five people, has two thousand outlets all over the United States, and continues to grow steadily. Marketing his jewelry through out-of-town stores, Rebajes learns from his agents what their buyers think the public wants. Then he produces accordingly. Uninterested in the international market at present, he points out, "There is no jewelry in Europe like mine. It is either very costly, or ten-cent-store stuff." He has plenty to do, however, without taking on more than he might be able to handle. On a recent round trip from New York to set up an office in California, he took fifteen planes, stopping off at outposts of his jewelry empire.

At home on Long Island, the Rebajeses live with Tabby, their cat, and a small, unruly turtle named Tortuga in a house at Malverne that Frank designed and built with his own hands and the help of a Puerto Rican named Luis Ramos. Standing in a suburban development off Southern Parkway, it is made of redwood along architectural lines inspired by Frank Lloyd Wright. The texture of its materials is stressed. "I wanted it genuine," Rebajes explains. "What is wood is wood, and what is stone is stone. I don't disguise anything." Built to make the fullest use of its space, the house gives the impression of being larger than it is through the use of soft color, indirect lighting, and glass. At one end is a hothouse with a waterfall, where Frank pursues his hobby of raising rare flowers. A glass coffee table in the drawing room houses his collection of valuable seashells.

For their vacations, the Rebajeses frequently travel. Last year they visited Europe and North Africa. Doing the art galleries, Frank found the Prado in Madrid "too squeaky and dilapidated" to allow peaceful contemplation of the paintings. At the Louvre, he felt that the massive Pauline and Francis Rebajes relax with Tabby the cat at their Malverne, Long Island, home



Show counter suspended from the ceiling by steel rods is unusual feature of Rebajes' Fifth Avenue store

plaster ceiling was too oppressive and was about to fall in on him. "The National Gallery in Washington is the most perfect I have seen," he says. Winters, he and Pauline get away to the West Indies, where they relax on the beach. Although they like all kinds of music, their favorite is jazz. Neither is given to exercise. Instead, they usually go to the Paramount Theater on Broadway, or look at TV. A lover of parties, Rebajes likes to drink and is a gracious host himself. He usually says he wants to go home early, then stays late.

When he doodles, he draws fishes. His library is a fascinating collection of books, truly extraordinary for one largely self-educated. Many are about horticulture and conchology. In his spare time, he dreams up inventions. Latest idea: one of those combination electric lawn mowers and snow-blowing gadgets. For a busman's holiday, he builds furniture. Examples: a lampshade made of the blueprints he designed for the house; a coffee table of beautifully polished mahogany, originally an old plank he picked up somewhere in Cuba. All in all, happy in their home, successful in their work, the Rebajeses are proof that the much-touted American dream can come true. ♦ ♦ ♦

Answers to Quiz on page 47

1. Viña del Mar
2. Seventh
3. 1,750,000
4. From Santiago to Concepción
5. Vicuña
6. Huaso
7. Ferdinand Magellan (Province is called Magallanes)
8. Nitrate
9. Araucanians
10. In Chile's southern lake region

CHILE'S BIG STEEL

(Continued from page 12)

of water from the Bio-Bio River.

This tremendous agglomeration of raw materials emerges from the blast furnace as 220,000 tons of pig iron and from the two Siemens-Martin smelters and the Bessemer converter as 178,000 tons of steel ingots.

Other divisions of the factory convert some of this iron and steel into rails; structural forms; iron sheeting and plates; square sections for grinding apparatus; large

22,000 for home use; and 119,000 of slag from the blast furnace for use in cement. The annual value of all products and by-products is estimated at over three billion pesos.

The nation's present needs figure out to seventy-nine pounds of iron and steel per person each year. If it is true that per capita consumption of these products reflects a country's material progress, this means that Chile is still in its economic infancy. In Australia the corresponding figure is 348 pounds, in Sweden 383, in Great Britain 572, and in the United States 1,177.

But the Huachipato steel mill is a door that opens on the future, and no one can predict what it will achieve in the course of time. The need to expand was foreseen, of course, and the imposing establishment can double and even triple its capacity if need be. A first addition is now almost finished.

The plant's initial objective—replacing iron and steel imports—has already been reached, and progress toward the second—winning foreign markets—can be seen in the exports now going to the United States, Argentina, Peru, and other countries. A recent five-year barter agreement between the Pacific Steel Company and the Argentine Foreign Trade Institute calls for deliveries of Chilean steel worth \$3,768,200 in exchange for Argentine sunflower oil valued at the same amount.

There is still another purpose—to stimulate new industries based on iron and steel products. It is undoubtedly in this field that the PSC offers the greatest promise. An Italian firm has announced its interest in establishing a shipyard in San Vicente. Many factories that were formerly hamstrung by the shortage of tin plate are expanding operations, and new firms are being founded. Builders of ships and railway equipment like Daiber and Behrens, which had languished because of the steel shortage, now have a chance for a comeback. If Lever and Murphy could make locomotives in 1890, it doesn't seem unreasonable to expect that the bulk of our railway equipment can now be produced here at home. Moreover, if this is possible, it follows that most of our tools, spare parts, agricultural machinery, and military equipment can be made here also.

Add to these prospects the endless chemical applications of PSC's by-products, and you will have an idea of the industrial revolution that is under way in Chile. Actually, what that revolution will mean in the balance of trade, stability for producers, the demand for labor, and increased prosperity is almost beyond calculation.

It is beginning exactly one hundred years after the heyday of the old, rural Chile, whose merchants did business on both sides of the Pacific. Should we see in this coincidence the harbinger of another prosperous era? One thing, in any case, appears certain: our national life is acquiring an order and a meaning that were missing before. Directly or indirectly, the steel industry is toning up all spheres of activity, exerting an influence in some areas that is too subtle to grasp fully. One can observe a new outlook developing and feel the country gathering its forces and hastening its step. ♦ ♦ ♦



Some of the houses the Pacific Steel Company is building for its employees, with the help of loans from the Public Housing Fund



Model of the new town, which was designed to accommodate thirty thousand and will include well-planned civic and commercial centers

round bars for forging and for reinforced concrete; thin circular strips for barbed wire, nails, joint pins, and nuts; welded piping and hoops; bands for baling; heavy slabs; black corrugated sheets ready for galvanizing; tin plate; centrifugated pipes; and special castings.

Among the marketable by-products are 5,365,600,000 cubic feet of coal gas; 1,300,000 gallons of benzol, light lubricating oils, creosote, and ammonia water; 3,640,000 gallons of pitch; 11,000 tons of industrial coke and

KNOW YOUR CHILEAN NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 45



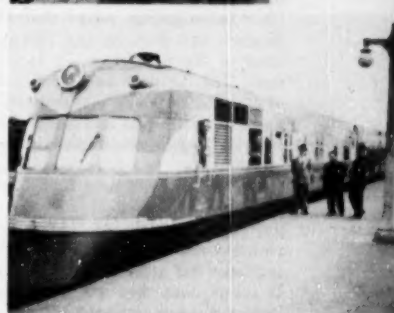
1. One of the world's finest seaside resorts is located near Valparaíso, the country's first port. What is its name?

2. Chile's wines are recognized everywhere for their excellence. Do they rank first, third, fourth, or seventh among the nation's exports?



3. Avenida Bernardo O'Higgins, named in honor of the country's independence hero, is Santiago's principal thoroughfare. Is the city's population about 5,000,000, 850,000, 1,750,000 or 3,565,000?

4. The *Flecha del Sur* (Southern Arrow), one of Chile's crack streamliners, connects the capital and the leading city of the South. Does it run from Santiago to Concepción, from Valparaíso to Mendoza, or from Santiago to Antofagasta?



5. These gorgeous rugs are made of the skin of a small animal related to the llama, alpaca, and guanaco, but with finer and more expensive fleece. Can you name the animal?

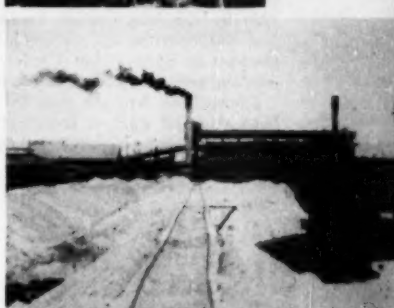


6. These are the trappings of a Chilean _____, or cowboy. Fill in the blank.



7. Province including Chile's far southern islands, noted for its forests, fine grazing land, and brilliant scenery, is named, together with its straits, for an early Portuguese explorer. Who was he?

8. That isn't snow on the ground. It is a mineral of which Chile is the world's largest producer (from natural sources, not by synthetic processes). What is it?



9. Chilean Indian women wear shawls, beautiful hand-wrought jewelry. Descendants of a people inhabiting the land before the conquistadors came, are they Aztecs, Mayans, Araucanians, or Iroquois?

10. In Llaima one can ski even in summer. Is it in Chile's southern lake region, along the coast north of Santiago, or near Uspallata Pass?



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

TOWARD RACIAL HARMONY

Dear Sirs:

I was very much interested in Mercer Cook's article in regard to improvement of racial relations ["What Progress Toward U.S. Racial Harmony?", February English AMERICAS]. I should like to call your attention to the progress of relations here in the Bay Area, and most particularly in San Francisco. . . . For example, I cannot recall any other city in which I have lived or visited that hires Negroes as drivers and operators of its public busses and street cars. Perhaps in a few cities they are employed in all-Negro areas but that is all. In San Francisco they drive on every run in the city, even on the Powell St. cablecar which runs through the middle of proud old Nob Hill. I have been told by reliable sources that the Municipal Transit began hiring Negro drivers during the war when labor was very scarce. After the war, when more white labor became available, there was some demand for their removal and replacement by white drivers. The company, after investigating, found that many of their best drivers were Negroes and did not feel like sacrificing them to satisfy a segment of the population. In fact they have been hiring more and more. The company has a policy of electing each month a "Driver of the Month," who is nominated by cards and phone calls from patrons. In the year and a half I have been here, I have noted that several Negro drivers have been selected for this courtesy award. . . .

One thing I do note here is the treatment of Negroes in the newspapers. In school coverage and children's events, Negroes are generally included, and since some of the greatest basketball and football players of the local high schools are colored, they generally get good coverage and big splashes on the sports pages. It seems once they are grown and out of high school, they disappear altogether from public interest. . . . It is as if there were a large segment of the population which has suddenly been silenced, and the only way to attract any attention is to commit a crime. . . . It is a small point but I think it is one which shows somewhat the thinking of the people. I, for one, would like to see the Negroes get off the sports page. . . .

Max Womack
Associated, California

BOOK FOR SALE?

Dear Sirs:

I have been trying for some time to secure a copy of a book by Romario Martins, Director of the Museum of Natural History of the State of Paraná, Brazil. Published in Portuguese about 1926 by Empreza Gráfica Paranaense, it is entitled: *Ilex-Mate, Chá Sul-Americano*. I understand it is now out of print. I have excerpts in English, but I want the complete book if I can find one, and am willing to pay a reasonable price.

I have been drinking mate for the past eighteen years . . . and have acquired a lot of literature on the subject. Could you print my letter to help me locate a copy of this book?

Hyatt Lemoine
319 - 55th St.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

FOR ART LOVERS

Dear Sirs:

A young Chilean, I would like to exchange reproductions of famous paintings or sculpture as well as copies of magazines relating to art. Also, I am interested in musical scores for the piano that are typical of the different countries. Won't you publish my letter so that I can contact others with the same interests? Special greetings to AMERICAS' readers.

Imar Ortiz T.
Bulnes 942
Constitución, Chile

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service should specify whether they want letters in English, Spanish, Portuguese, or French. Where a language preference has been expressed it is indicated below by an initial after the name.

R. Allison Gray (E, S)
Calle 4 - No. 31
La Grita, Edo. Táchira
Venezuela, S.A.

Roy L. Cross (E, S, P)
838 S. Grand Ave.
Los Angeles 17, Calif.

Carmen Ramón Alonso (E)
Calvo Sotelo - 39
Alfajar, Valencia, Spain

Yolanda Patacchiola (S)
Calle 1, No. 2062
B. Talleres (E)
Córdoba, Argentina

John Bainbridge (E, S)
974 Sutter Street
San Francisco, Calif.

Edson Fahel (E)
Rua Belarmino Barreto - 2
Salvador, Bahia, Brazil

Luis Antonio Andreoli (S)
Calle 3 Entre 21 y 22 n° 1052
Eva Perón Station
Buenos Aires Province, Arg.

Joel A. Frias (E, S)
1634 East 53rd Street
Chicago 15, Illinois

José Caleb Príncipe
Seminario Evangélico
Box 426, Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico

Barbara George (E, S)
c/o Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture
St. Augustine, Trinidad, B.W.I.

Miss Z. Rafeek
c/o Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture
St. Augustine
Trinidad, B.W.I.

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PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

1. The contest is open to all amateur photographers of the member countries of the Organization of American States, except employees of the Pan American Union and their immediate families. Closing date is October 1, 1953. Entries must be postmarked no later than that date. No entry fee is required.
2. Subject matter must be typical of your country: people, places, things. Any number of photographs may be submitted by an entrant.
3. Only unpublished photographs are eligible for the contest.
4. Only black-and-white glossy prints will be judged. Touched-up or colored prints are not acceptable, nor should there be any signature on the photographic surface. Size must be 8 x 10 inches.
5. Photos should be sent by registered mail. They should be protected by cardboard to avoid folding and cracking. Do not send negatives.
6. Each print must have glued on the back a filled-in entry blank as provided here, or facsimile thereof. Please print or typewrite the information requested on the blank.
7. All prints will be held for judging after October 1, 1953, and no entries will be returned. Announcement of winners will be published in the February 1954 English, and March 1954 Spanish and Portuguese, editions of AMERICAS. Our judges' decisions will be final. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
8. All entrants who win prizes will be required to lend original negatives before prizes are awarded. Winning photos will be published in AMERICAS with full credit to the photographer. They may also be included in an exhibit presented in the Pan American Union building in Washington, and later circulated throughout the United States. Non-prize-winning pictures acceptable to AMERICAS may be bought for single publication at the regular rate of \$5.00, payable when used.
9. The best entry from each of the twenty-one American Republics will receive a prize of \$25.00. A grand prize of \$75.00 will be given for the best of the twenty-one winning photos.
10. Address all entries to Photo Contest Editor, AMERICAS, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D.C. We cannot enter into correspondence of any kind regarding entries.

This entry blank, or facsimile thereof, must be glued to the back of each photograph entered.

Name.....

Street, or Box Number.....

City..... State..... Country.....

Picture Title.....

Where Made.....

Lens..... Aperture and Shutter Speed.....

Film..... Filter.....

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